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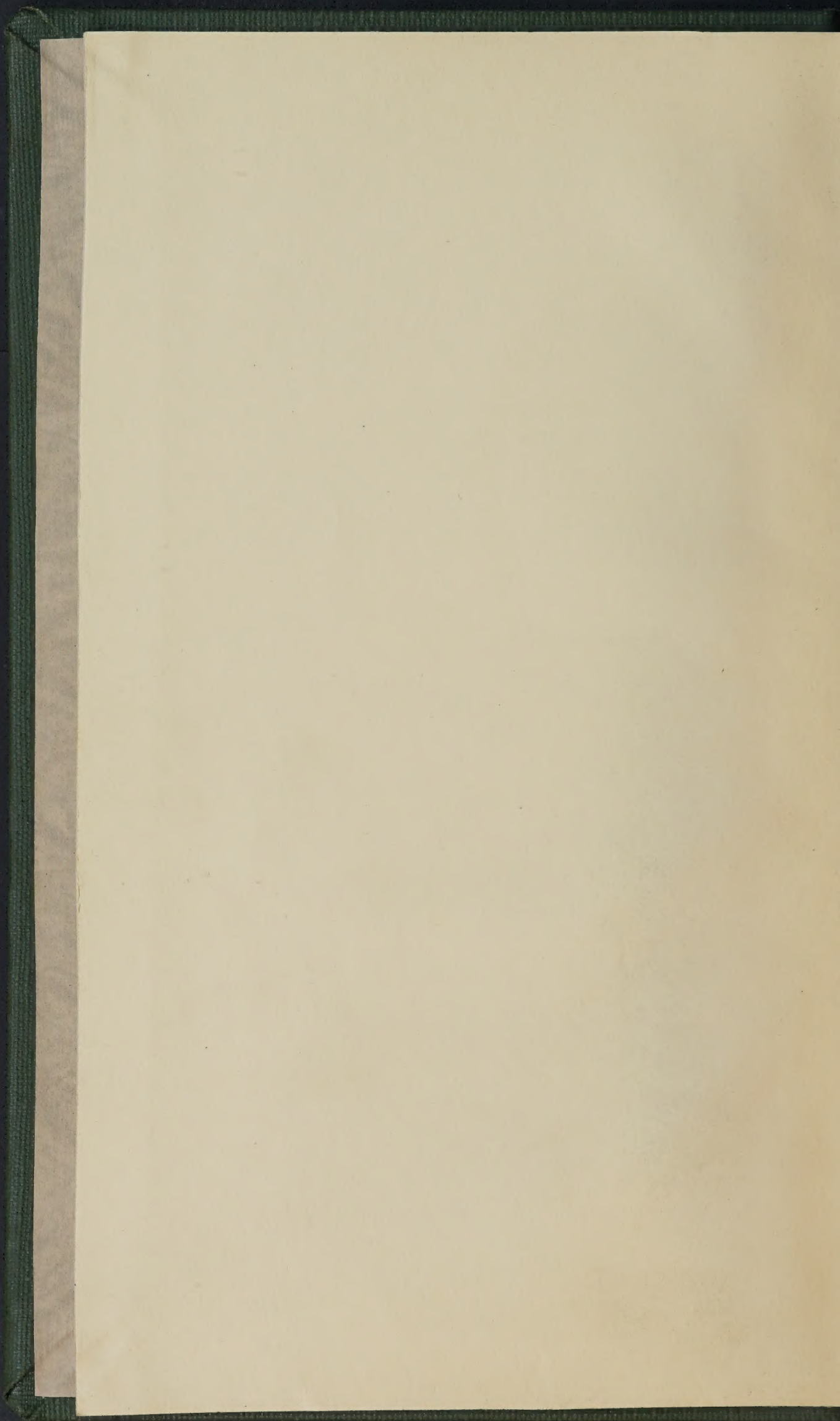
SPERRY - BALTIMORE MONTHLY BUDGET BALTO., 1841







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Am. G. Sperry

Volume I.

Number I.

THE BALTIMORE
MONTHLY BUDGET,
OF
SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

JANUARY, 1841.

EDITED BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

TERMS.—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR EIGHTEEN CENTS A NUMBER, PAYABLE ON DELIVERY.

BALTIMORE:

J. Austin Sperry, corner of North and Fayette streets.

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PROPOSALS
FOR PUBLISHING, IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, A MAGAZINE,
TO BE ENTITLED
THE MONTHLY BUDGET,
OF
SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

The undersigned proposes to issue in the city of Baltimore a Monthly Magazine, under the above title, to be devoted to the extension of knowledge—the promulgation of science—the encouragement of the arts, and the culture of polite literature; and in doing so, it is with the confident belief that the undertaking will meet with the cheerful approbation of the intelligent and discerning community of the Monumental City, as well as of the literary public of all the union.

It is designed, by this work, to lay before the public a periodical of substantial value, and solid worth—chiefly original; and by the term *solid worth*, is not to be understood a heap of lectures and prosy unmeaning essays, that tire the mind and induce the drowsy feelings of sleep; but a collection of *real interest*, that will amuse and instruct; that will improve without wearying the mind; that will be agreeable without fastidiousness. In short, it is intended to present, monthly, to the reader, a feast—a substantial feast—of science and knowledge, with a dessert—an excellent dessert of fiction and poetry.

It has, of late, been a matter of no little surprise to the sister cities, that, while they have been casting their bread profusely upon the waters, (and when the harvest time of fame and honor comes, they will reap abundantly,) Baltimore sends not a single crumb to feed the annals of literary glory. And why is it so? Is it because the people of Baltimore have no relish for the fine arts—no ear for the smoothly-flowing numbers of poesy—that the ladies have ceased to encourage enterprise, or that the public have become too parsimonious? Neither! Baltimore is proverbial for its liberality, its patronage of art, and its intelligent fair! Is it, then, because the lights of literature, whose “bright effulgence” has illumined every corner of our land are dimmed or departed? We answer no!—they are burning clear as ever. It is because, perhaps, they have been obscured by this dark political storm-cloud, which for a time has been pending o’er us. But now the storm has broke—has spent its fury; the cloud is passing away; the genius of the Monumental City will shine forth more effulgent than ever—and the “Monthly Budget” will be the medium through which its brightening rays are to be shed abroad in the community.

The most talented writers of this city, as also of other places, have kindly enrolled themselves as Contributors to the “Monthly Budget,” and it cannot fail to prove a magazine of rarest value—and especially to the LADIES, for whose particular interest and enjoyment the subscriber designs, also, to cater.

TERMS.—The “Monthly Budget” will be printed upon good paper. Each number will be embellished with a fine engraving, commencing with a series of views in and around Baltimore, designed and executed expressly for this work. And it will be furnished to subscribers at the reduced price of \$2.00 per annum in advance, or EIGHTEEN CENTS a number, to be paid upon its delivery each month.

J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

*16 copies of the Budget for the year 1847
sent to the Librarian of the
City of Baltimore upon the ground that
the same were not wanted
and of course were not
sent. The Librarian of the
City of Baltimore has
been informed of this
and has been requested
to send the same to the
undersigned.*

the 14th of June
I remember that little sister I had
1 and her life is very long
who should it know of death
2 and a little sister girl
she was eight years old she said
her hair was thick with orange and
3 that clustered around her head
she had a rustic woodland air
and she was wildly clad
4 her eyes were fine and very fair
her countenance made me glad
5 brother and sister little maid
how many ways ye be
6 how many seen in all she said
and wondering looked at me
~~and wondering~~ and where are they going ye be
she answered seven we are
7 and two of us at your way death
and two we go to sea
till if we in the church yard lay
my sister and my father
8 who in the church and cottage
O death near you Thomas there nothing will
you say that Pat ~~comes~~ but at coming and
and there we go to sea
9 yet we are down I pray ye to the
my sister's grave how this may be
the little maid did reply
10 when for my sister we are
two of us in the church yard lay
beneath the church and two
you rest even about my father's grave
11 her hands they are large
and in the church yard lay
12 for ye are only four
these names we have then would you
the little maid replied
these names we have then



Lith of E. Weber & Co. Balt.

ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO GREENMOUNT CEMETERY
for the Monthly Budget

THE BALTIMORE
MONTHLY BUDGET

OF

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

JANUARY, 1841.

VIEWS IN AND AROUND BALTIMORE.

NO. 1.

ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY.

THE establishment of public cemeteries is one of the many characteristics of the age. Individual feeling, which has hitherto regulated our actions in the care for the dead, is now being absorbed in a general feeling on the subject. Sects and parties, which have carried their bitterness and hatred even into the graveyard, are now feeling the influence of that light which is being shed abroad into the world, and are coming forth, as members of one family of believers, to lay down their dead on ground held in common possession. Where the dead have hitherto been deposited by the way-side, it may almost be said, we may see this common feeling of relationship to the departed manifested by the appropriation of places of burial for their reception. It is an important era in the history of social man, and may we not hope that in these beautiful and holy places set apart for the dead, the common relationship to the part which must be felt by all in them, may effectuate that feeling of relationship from man to man, which exists as brethren of one human family, having like heavenly hopes and pursuing like eternal ends.

Mount Auburn, about four miles from the

city of Boston, has, ever since its establishment, in 1831, been celebrated for its beauty and admirable arrangement. Laurel Hill about the same distance from the city of Philadelphia, though of more recent formation, has received its meed of admiration, and the great beauty, facility of access, and the active zeal which has so soon embellished Green Mount, present claims to the traveller and the citizen which will soon receive a wide-spread celebrity.

Green Mount Cemetery is situated in the suburbs of the city of Baltimore, in a north-eastern direction, and contains sixty acres of ground. It was formerly the country-seat of Robert Oliver, Esq. one of the "old school" merchants, whose names and fortunes form the greater part of the early commercial history of Baltimore, and who, like the heroes of the Revolution, form a class which is now rapidly becoming extinct. Soon after the decease of Mr. Oliver, an association of gentlemen, twenty in number, purchased the Green Mount estate for the purpose of a public cemetery, and under their direction and management the place has been rapidly and handsomely improved, and, in passing through the grounds, it is diffi-

cult to say which claim admiration the most, the great natural beauties of the spot, or the taste and skill shown in its embellishment.

On the 13th day of July, 1839, the cemetery was dedicated by appropriate ceremonies to its peculiar use, since which period the whole of the ground has been enclosed by a substantial stone wall; an entrance gateway has been erected, and a spacious public vault is now being completed for the temporary reception of the dead, previous to burial.

The entrance gateway, a representation of which forms the embellishment of this number, is a substantial structure of stone, the ornamental parts and projections being of rough dressed granite, and the walls of blue building stone, laid in what is technically called "broken range work." The front occupied by the gateway is eighty-three feet, with a depth of twenty-three feet. The top of the tower is over forty feet from the ground. The structure consists of a main carriage entrance, two foot entrances, a wing for the office of the company, where records of interments, visitors, &c., are intended also to be kept, and which is vaulted and fire-proof for their safe preservation, and a wing for the gate keeper's occupation. The windows are of rich stained glass in many compartments, and their ornaments are designed with reference to the destined use of the place.

The design of the gateway is in the Gothic style, and partakes both of the ecclesiastical and baronial character, calling up religious associations and inspiring a feeling of protection and beauty, the Gothic being emphatically the architecture of Christianity, and the towers and battlemented walls being features of design inherently connected with the feuds which gave birth to them. The design of the gateway is by Mr. R. C. Long, architect, of this city, to whose direction the architectural improvements of the cemetery have been entrusted by the company. The stone work of the gateway has been most admirably executed by Mr. EDWARD GREEN, the contractor.

Various monuments and vaults have already been erected, by several of the proprietors of lots, in the cemetery, among which the vaults erected by the Oliver family, by Col. S. D. Walker, Mr. Reese and others, and the monument erected in memory of Col. Steuart, claim attention for their beauty. The public vault will be an imposing structure in the Egyptian style, of dressed granite, and is to be surmounted by an immense granite sarcophagus.

When the snows shall have melted away and the green leaf and the tender grass shall again put forth, these broad walks and long avenues will offer various attractions.

Childhood, in its innocence, has, or should have, no dread of that "undiscovered hourne," the passports to which will be visible here in the green earth around its gambols. Youth, beauty and health have too much of enjoyment to find in the blue sky, the green leaves, the rustling breeze and the "wood notes wild," to dedicate a thought to the time when the "sear and yellow leaf" shall come alike to humanity as to nature. Manhood's inheritance lies so much in the future, which the world offers, of wealth and glory, that in the invigoration which is passing over the face of the earth, he but sees an impulse kindred with its own, and age, alas! even trembling and decrepid age, will cling with renewed fondness to a world which spring is again investing with so much beauty that we must admire it. Who, then, amid the regeneration of nature, will see in it the picture painted by a divine hand of the regeneration of man, when, out of the dark and noisome earth is made to spring, fresh as at creation's morn, "the tender grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit," showing forth, for man's instruction, how from the ground of his self-love may, from celestial seed of good and truth, by due cultivation on his part, be produced "the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear of everlasting goodness."

HOME.

I've roved through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I've found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the HOME that love endears
Were worth the world beside.

Original.

OSMA.

FROM MATURIN'S MANUEL, BY J. K. M'JILTON.

"Osma, thy field,
 "When the pale moon broke on the battle's verge,
 "Seemed as an ocean, where the Moorish turbans
 "Tossed like the white sea foam."

Morn flashed in beauty o'er the field
 Where foemen met for fight,
 And mirrored in the Moslem's shield
 Rich floods of glorious light.
 The haughty Moor forgot his sleep,
 And seized his shining steel;
 He rose, the shout of war to sweep—
 To sound the battle peal.
 The Spaniards marched while midnight hung
 Her gloom on van and rear—
 Were marching when the morning flung
 Her cloudless glory near.
 They moved as men who marched to die
 On the embattled plain;
 Or wreathes of fame, and honors high
 On its red soil to gain.
 Not long the anxious armies stood,
 Nor time had they to gaze;
 All eager for the deed of blood,
 The mad'ning shout they raised.
 The odds were fearful; for each blade
 Old Spain's defenders wore,
 The Moslem warriors displayed
 And met it with a score.
 Like ocean by the tempest tost,
 Was Osma's tide of doom,
 Where turbans of the Moorish host
 Moved like the white sea foam.
 "God and St. Jago!" was the cry,
 And on the Spaniards rushed—

Resolved to conquer or to die—
 Crush, or themselves be crushed.
 Pierce swept the war-storm that dread hour;
 Foe up to foe was driven,
 And charged beneath the iron shower,
 That hid the light of heaven.
 The swift-winged steel flew high in air,
 And rose the deafening clang,
 And while it swept, the requiem there
 Of many a spirit rang.
 They charged in blood, and war-steeds dashed
 Into the ranks amain.
 They trod on hearts, and life streams splashed
 On glittering helms, like rain.
 They, like their reckless riders, leapt
 Where none but them dare leap;
 And the tremendous storm they swept,
 None but themselves could sweep.
 They charged in death; each soldier drew
 And drove his blade to die;
 To grasp for glory bare, he threw
 Life as a garment by.
 Death reaped a bloody harvest there,
 And few were left to tell
 That with the day's last purple glare,
 The troubled crescent fell.
 And few were left to lift the cross,
 Whose standard, bathed in blood,
 Told the proud hosts 'twas heaven's loss—
 That they had warred with God.

Original.

CHARLES WITHERS,

A TALE OF WARNING.

BY J. E. DOW, AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE."

Charles Withers, the son of a widow, was an interesting young man. He had a fine person, to which was added a giant intellect. At the time we became acquainted with him he was serving out his last year's apprenticeship with a merchant of high name and standing in Philadelphia.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day when Withers was commissioned by his master, who was unwell, to receive and bring to him a package of money from the agent of a distant bank, who had taken lodgings at the Marshall House. Withers having called several times without finding the agent in, made

a last call in the evening, and received the money. Having written a receipt he prepared to depart, but the agent, Mr. Nathan, being a generous man, invited the young clerk to crack a bottle of champagne with him—which offer Withers unhesitatingly accepted; and when the laugh grew loud, and the song rang high, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Nathan, and in marched a tall, whiskered man, who was known by the significant appellation of Bully Tod.

"Ah! Todd," said Nathan, "glad to see you, my boy—come and join us. Mr. Withers, Mr. Todd—Mr. Todd, Mr. Withers. It gives me peculiar gratification to throw off my cares with the sun and to be thus rid of that charge which I was speaking to you about this afternoon."

"Certainly I will join you, gentlemen, with all my heart," said Todd, casting a patronizing look towards young Withers, and a scrutinizing glance toward a large well sealed package which he held in his hand, "we bankers have very responsible duties to perform to society."

"Bankers!" said Mr. Nathan, "are you a banker then?"

"Yes," said Todd, "I keep a very large banking establishment—a sort of savings affair, where every thing is received, and nothing paid out, you know."

"Something like my friend Dyotts," said Nathan with a smile.

"Oh no, not exactly," said Todd, with a leer of his larboard eye, "we have capital specie basis sir, we issue no notes, but *open and shut* altogether."

"Rather dull business that," said Nathan, "How do you make your dividends?"

"By collecting, principally," said Todd, "we make our customers find the capital, pay our bills, and then when we declare a dividend we carry it by a vote of two-thirds to the surplus fund."

"Excellent!" said Nathan with uplifted hands—"but dont your customers grumble."

"Oh yes," said Todd, "but grumbling is very cheap, you know, costs nothing, and wears out the party aggrieved. Ours is a very fine bank, none but gentlemen visit it, beside my pocket is the principal vault, and I am President and Cashier."

"The devil you are," said Nathan, "I like that kind of a bank much, have you any vacant office about it? If you have I'll cut that corn and potatoe bank at Catawissa and enlist."

"As to vacancies," said Todd, "there can be no vacancy until I see fit to leave, and under present appearances that will not happen very soon."

"Nevertheless, my friend," said Nathan, with a smirk, "we'll pay the bank a visit on the morrow."

"Let us go to-night," said Todd, calling in another bottle of champagne.

"Open at night!" said Nathan, stretching his eyes until they resembled a brace of peeled onions in a plate of hogs lard, "by the ghost of my old dead-and-gone grand mother, you city people have curious customs."

The bottle was soon emptied, and the trio stepped out upon the pavement. Fleecy clouds, like shadows, were flitting past the moon, and the wind howled around the squares like an engine-captain in his regimentals, endeavoring to find the whereabouts of a non-existing fire. A solitary watchman stood fast asleep beside the portico of the Hotel.

"Will you go in with us?" said Todd to Withers, as they brought up before one of the gambling hells that mar the beauty and purity of the city of brotherly love.

"Certainly, by all means," said the half-intoxicated youth, as he followed the footsteps of the bankers into one of the most splendidly furnished rooms in Philadelphia. A massive side-board of carved ebony, loaded with wines, and liquors of greater body, stood at the side of the room, while opposite to it stood a table about eight feet long and three feet wide, which seemed to have a device upon it, and over it a covering of pictured bocking.

"A curious bank, this of yours," said Nathan with a hiccup, "a pretty snug parlor for the President and directors, do you give your depositors liquor, Mr. Todd?"

"Certainly—oh yes—by all means," said Todd, as he kicked a sleeping negro on the shin nearest the brain, and said, "wake up Abel, or I'll cane you," (this, by the way, was the standing joke of the house, and had been so for fifty years,) "walk up gentlemen, and

take a pull at the halliards, I will then go into the minutiae of my system of banking."

Another heavy draught caused both Nathan and Withers to strike their top gallant sails, and Todd finding the desired effect had been produced, threw off the table cover and shewed them the awful mystery and dread reality of a Pharaoh Bank. The visitors were struck dumb at first, but after a little examination they concluded that they would stay, and that Nathan should play a little just to learn the game.

The fire was replenished, and the curtains closely drawn. Todd now seated himself behind the table, took out his ivory counters and his silver dealing box, and inserting a pack of well arranged cards, gave Nathan twenty dollars worth of chips to commence the game with. After suffering his opponent to win a little, Todd by plying Nathan with drugged liquor, got him to betting very high, and in the course of an hour the agent was as bare of money as a country contribution box at the third time of passing.

"Good evening gentlemen," said Todd as he shewed them down stairs—"call and see us often, our bank you see is a perfect savings institution"—and with that, he slammed the door in the faces of the suckers.

"I will fix him to-morrow," said Nathan, with a face expressive of drunken agony—"Good night my young lad. Oh that my principles had been as stable as yours." So saying, he turned up Chesnut street, while Withers sought his mother's lowly mansion in another direction.

The clock of the State House had tolled eleven as a lone widow in one of the numerous streets that lead out of Chesnut street, in Philadelphia, closed her window shutters, and spread her long and yellow fingers over the ghost of a Christmas fire.

The wind howled around the chimney tops, and ever and anon created a small whirl-wind amid the ashes of that lone one's hearth, while the creaking of signs, the clatter of swiftly passing feet, and the soul-killing sing-song of the labelled watchman arose upon the breeze, and struck upon the ear of the listener like a

serenade of tin pans upon the wakeful ears of a newly married country pair.

A noble watch dog—one of the true Saint Bernhard breed—which, by the way, was nearly destroyed by an avalanche that that rolled down from the glistening peak of Jura—lay with his nose towards the door and his antipodes in the ashes, and barked long or short, as the benighted foot passenger stopped longer or shorter before the widow's door.

"It is past eleven," said she, "and my son is still absent, where can he be? God of the widow and of the fatherless, throw around him thy shield of safety and bring him back to the arms of one whose spirit trusteth in thee."

A noise now roused her from her reverie. A cry for help rang upon the evening air; she sprang to the door with a bound, but the noise had died away and silence like midnight reigned in the empty streets.

The dog, at the first opening of the door, had taken his departure very unceremoniously, by rushing between the old lady's ancles, and nearly upsetting her as he passed along.

The morning came, and still that widow watched; but no tidings of her son broke upon her aged ear, nor did her dim eye behold again the faithful guardian of his youthful sport.

She was the mother of Charles Withers, and having brought up her son in the way he should go, she felt confident that no crime had been committed by him, to make it necessary for him to wander from her lowly roof.

The long night passed away without bringing any tidings. The day after the one succeeding the events just related, the bank agent, Mr. Nathan, was missing, and the master of Withers supposed that he had carried off the \$10,000, with which he had been entrusted by the bank to deliver to him.

A mystery that no one could solve, rested over the fate of young Withers. Why and where he had departed, were questions much easier asked, than answered. He was gone, and his widowed mother felt confident that the steel of the assassin had pierced his heart at his own door, this idea was strengthened by the discovery of drops of blood upon the side walk the next morning.

In sorrow and sack-cloth the widow With-

ers passed two years in the city, and then, on the decease of a relative in Washington, retired to a neat house there, which had been given to her by the will. Mrs. Withers also became the guardian of Emma Temple, the only child of the deceased, a beautiful girl of eighteen, who was, by the provisions of the will, to reside with her aunt until the day of her marriage.

The memory of her son continued for a long time to cause her heart to beat with unutterable anguish, and to send the silver tear drops down the furrows of her pallid cheeks. By degrees, however, her sorrow abated, and the love for the dead seemed to be transferred to the living.

Emma Temple, as I said before, was a beautiful girl; she had a form of faultless symmetry, a blue eye, that would have made an angel desire to exchange with her, and a mind, though unimproved, strong and vigorous as any that was ever enclosed by nature in that beautiful casket called woman. She had been permitted, however, in early life to have her own way in every thing, and having, from the situation of her father's residence, mingled with company far below her standing in society, she had made some contemptible acquaintances.

One evening, at the house of one of her doubtful associates, she was introduced to a Mr. Todd—the gentleman who acted as a banker in the outset of this tale—and he, as was usual with him, declared his love for her before the evening was spent. She, of course, gave him a damper and left the house. Bully Todd was not the man, however, to be bluffed off in that manner. His manners were insinuating, but his person was about as ungainly as that of any child of perdition ever chosen by Satan for a Lieutenant. In fact, old scratch shewed a deal of bad taste in his selection, but as he never was set up for perfection, I suppose we must excuse him. Todd was said to be rich; he rode full-blooded horses, drank champagne, laid a bed until 10 o'clock, dressed well, swore terribly, wore his hair in curls down his back and was generally perfumed with rose water. Of course he was a perfect gentleman, and his presence filled the measure of his neighborhood's glory.

Matters went on in this manner for some months, until at length the ungenerous gambler stood forth to the world as the diabolical seducer. The unfortunate Emma Temple, the victim of his art, died in the hour of her calamity, and the innocent child slept in death on the cold bosom of the guilty mother. Overcome by this second awful visitation of sorrow and shame, the old widow with a prayer on her lips for the destroyer of the daughter of her peace, folded her sackcloth about her, and laid down to die. Soon the cold hand of death rested upon her aged features and played with her heartstrings. She turned her face to the wall, and died without a groan.

A couple of ancient maiden ladies, sat watching the corpse of the friendless widow the evening after her death, and while they endeavored to preserve their own characters by pulling to pieces those of others, a rap was heard at the door. The one nearest the entrance answered the signal, and a man enveloped in a sea cloak inquired if the widow Withers resided there.

"She did live here," said the old crone, "but she is now in heaven. We are watching with her earthly tabernacle; walk in my son. You seem to be a friend of the family, and your cheek betrays your faintness."

"Dead," said the stranger, in an agony which our pen shall never attempt to describe, and throwing off his cloak, stood forth the long lost Charles Withers.

In a moment the agonizing youth was beside the pallid corpse of his mother, and there we will leave him, to recount the history of his absence.

When Withers left Nathan at the corner of Chesnut, he walked swiftly along the silent street until he arrived at the entrance of the avenue in which his mother resided. At this moment two men attacked him, whom he recognized as the companions of his evening entertainment. Withers was naturally a very strong young man, but the heavy drams of the evening had rendered him almost powerless. He therefore could only make one or two ineffectual struggles, and raise a cry for help, before he was felled to the ground by a sharp-

cornered stick, which caused him to bleed profusely.

The robbers then took his money, carried him to the wharf, and threw him into the stream. At this moment the powerful dog, guided by the blood of his master, sprang down the street, and plunging into the water, grasped the nearly murdered man by the collar, and swam with him towards the nearest vessel. He soon reached the side of an Indian just getting under way, and was discovered by the captain, and drawn over the side of the vessel with his master in his mouth, nearly exhausted. Struck by the oddity of the circumstance, and not knowing what to do with the poor fellow, or his noble dog, the captain of the vessel, as he was short handed, concluded to ship the former as his clerk, and to rate the latter a supernumerary for provisions. He, therefore, had Withers removed to a warm berth, and after dressing his wounds, left him sleeping with his dog at his feet.—When the young man awoke to a sense of his situation the capes of Delaware had sunk astern, and the broad atlantic rolled in grandeur before the good ship Ivanhoe.

Having doubled Cape Good Hope, the captain of the Ivanhoe put his helm up, and ran for the bay of Bengal. But owing to counter currents and want of good observations, the vessel, at midnight, dashed upon the coast of Coromandel, and ere the sun arose, not a vestige of the ship, nor a man of that vessel's crew, were found, excepting Charles Withers and the Captain, who were saved by the exertions of the generous dog, who lost his life in a third attempt to board the sinking vessel.

The natives immediately made prisoners of the wretched men, and marched them up to the town of their king, where they were detained as his slaves until the British army conquered the place, and set the captives free.—From the coast of Coromandel, Withers and his commander departed, and at length reached Calcutta, where they made their usual protest against currents, &c., and then took passage for the United States in a returning Indianman. After a long passage, the vessel arrived at Philadelphia, but Withers finding his mother had changed her residence, stopped

not to let his master know of his return, but repaired immediately to Washington where he found his aged mother cold in death, as before related.

Having seen his last relative to her narrow resting place—the grave, Charles Withers, who had learned the fate of his beautiful cousin Emma, returned to Philadelphia for the purpose of punishing the seducer.

Having arrived at his lodgings, Withers and the Captain of the Ivanhoe, waited upon the merchant, who was the master of the former, and were received as persons raised from the dead.

Charles Withers then related the tale of crime, dishonor, and shame caused by the agency of the gambler and his associate, and invoked the aid of the worthy merchant in bringing them to condign punishment.

It appears that Nathan had returned to the bank the money entrusted to him, with a note stating that he had quite forgotten to deliver it, and had also forwarded to the master of Charles Withers the receipt of his missing clerk for the \$10,000 paid him. He was, therefore, no object of pursuit, and though a scoundrel, he continued to live like other scoundrels, in the midst of a busy world.

The merchant was a safe man. He saw a great many obstructions to an immediate and successful investigation, and, in fact, told them that the evidence, though it completely satisfied him, would not convince a court of justice. He therefore advised that it should be left to Providence to dispel the mystery, promising faithfully, in case any reasonable witness should appear, to sustain the charge against the bankers and to sift the business to its bottom. The captain was shortly after appointed to a beautiful ship, and Charles Withers was made the confidential clerk and banker of his former master's house.

Time rolled on, and one morning a tall man entered the counting house, and presented to the teller, a check for payment. Withers, who stood at his desk with his back towards the counter, thought he recognized the tones of the voice, and, turning his head, beheld the face of the gambler, Todd. As the latter caught the young man's eye, he sprang as

though he had stepped upon a cockatrice's den, and, saying "Great God, it is he!" fell senseless upon the floor.

Upon recovering and learning the history of young Withers, Todd informed him that Nathan and an associate did the deed, while he watched the street. Upon this confession, Todd was brought in as State's evidence, and Nathan was convicted and hung. Todd then to escape the vengeance of Withers, left the city, and wandered far from the scenes of his early deeds, and was forgotten.

Upon the death of Charles Withers a strange looking man appeared in Chesnut street, with a bell crowned hat, and a long tailed blue, and notwithstanding the presence of the brandy blossoms upon his face, and the absence of his whiskers, the most careless observer who had ever seen the devil in his early days, must have been ready, with ourself, to exclaim, as this singular personage stood underneath the awning of one of the principal hotels in Chesnut street, picking his teeth with a bowie knife, "Good God, Bully Todd!"

Original.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

Dost ever take a survey of the past—
Bring to thy mind the joyous days gone by?
Does memory o'er thy soul a halo cast,
The shadow leave thee then to weep and sigh?

Dost thou recall the hours when our young hearts
Knew not the throes which disappointment
brings,
When all the joy which earthly bliss imparts,
Was ours, and nothing knew we of its stings?

How blithely plucked we flowers in our way,
And little deemed that they were formed to
fade;
Or dying, lightly cast them far away,
And sought for fresh ones in some other glade.

Ah swiftly fled those hours; youth would not stay;
Fate and old Time have many changes shewn.
Few joys—much grief has marked our varied way
And either heart its sorrows well have known.

Dost thou repine, and blighted hopes bemoan?
Seek for the rainbow promise in thy sky?
List for the bird which charmed and find it flown?
Turn to earth's fountains—find them parched
and dry?

Then has our fate been most alike in this;
Earth has deceived us with her fairest smile;
Mocked us with gewgaw promises of bliss,
And left us naught but blighted hopes the while.

Is there no green spot on life's dreary waste—
No bright spot on thy darkly clouded sky?
Have all the draughts grown better to thy taste,
And nothing left thee but the wish to die?

Then has our fate been most alike indeed!
Ah! little deemed we, when our hearts were
light,
That they were doomed in anguish thus to bleed;
That thus should set our sun which rose so
bright.

But thou, perchance, upon the waste hast found
Some fertile spot where flowers spontaneous
spring;
Sought out a stream where waters pure abound,
And heard again the bird of promise sing.

Then has our fate been most unlike indeed—
Earth's fountains all are bitterness to me;
Her gardens, filled with many a noxious weed,
And no bright spot of promise can I see.

R. M. S.

Original.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Youthful sports, like winter's blast,
Are boisterous and free;
Chills, that cares on young hearts cast,
Like frosts 'fore sun-shine, flee.

Frosty age, like winter snows,
Brings many an aching pain;
Like icy streams, the old blood flows
But slowly through the vein.

Original.

THE SISTERS.

BY BETHER WETHERALD.

CLARA and Lucy Walden were the daughters of a wealthy London merchant. Their father, having realized a handsome fortune, had retired from business, and devoted himself to the pleasures of society, and the embellishment of his estate. It was delightfully situated at the distance of a few miles from London, that his children might have the benefit of the best masters the city could afford. Well did they profit by their instruction, and proud was Mr. Walden of his daughters' accomplishments, as well as of their extreme beauty, which, with the dowry he would be able to bestow, he thought sufficient to captivate any peer of the realm. Indeed he had set his heart upon having at least one noble for a son-in-law, though he would greatly prefer two. He felt sure that Clara, the eldest, would fall in with his own views, but of Lucy he was not so certain. Never were two sisters more unlike. Clara was tall, and her face and figure were considered, by many, models of perfection. Her hair was of the richest brown, her complexion exquisite, and her large flashing hazel eyes bespoke a consciousness of beauty and of power, which, however it might enable her to play the coquette, and bring adorers to her feet, would not, in all probability, add to her domestic peace and happiness. She had been accustomed to command, and was impatient of the slightest contradiction, whether it came from inferiors, or from those of an equal rank with herself. Lucy, on the contrary, was mild and unassuming. She was small and delicately formed, with soft blue eyes and a profusion of auburn tresses. She sought not to make conquests, although "to love and to be loved again," was the height of her ambition. Lucy loved her father and sister with the deepest tenderness, and seldom opposed the wishes of the latter, though she was not blind to her faults. But about the time our story opens she began to discover that Clara exercised a surveillance over her not at all pleasing.

Clara was now nineteen, Lucy two years

younger. The most favored admirer of the former was Lord Morton, whilst his relative and friend, Mr. Charles L——, was paying assiduous court to the latter. Lord Morton was a young man of fine mind and manners, although rather proud and aristocratic in his notions. He was, upon the whole, a suitable match for Clara. Sir Charles L—— was wealthy and fashionable, but that was all that could be said in his favor. He was very fond of pleasure, some even whispered of gambling. However that may be, a more unsuitable husband for the gentle and loving Lucy could not have been imagined. To find carelessness and indifference where she looked for affection would chill her to the heart, and perhaps put an end to her life. She might have said with the poetess,

"... Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round."

Deprived of that something she would be unable to exist, for she could not, like Clara, find an equivalent, or rather substitute, in the love of admiration and display.

One of their most constant visitors was a young physician, named Mansfield. He was an orphan, and dependent on his uncle, who was an old friend of Mr. Walden. This intimacy between the old gentleman gave him an opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with Lucy, which otherwise would have been difficult to obtain; for there was little in the appearance or prospects of the young Dr. to recommend him to the haughty Clara, however amiable and fascinating he might appear to her less ambitious sister.

Clara was, in fact, determined that Lucy should marry Sir Charles L—— whether she loved him or not. She always spoke of Mansfield with the greatest contempt, as if his poverty rendered him unworthy their notice; hoping thereby to make Lucy forget that he was the handsomest and most interesting of all

their visitors. But in this she could not succeed. His genuine worth, unaffected manners, delightful conversation, and above all, his deep and fervent love for herself, which even Clara did not pretend to doubt, endeared him to Lucy. She was more proud of having been the first to awaken feelings of affection in the bosom of such a man, than if she had received the homage of a hundred titled fops.

Lord Morton soon proposed for the hand of Clara. He was accepted, and in anticipation of coming happiness, and preparations for her nuptials, the proud beauty forgot, for a time, the attentions of Mansfield, and the danger of Lucy, but no sooner was that great event over, than Lady Morton became extremely desirous that her sister should also be established, and great was her indignation to find that she had rejected in the most positive manner the hand and fortune of Sir Charles L—. She immediately acquainted her father with the true cause of Lucy's strange conduct, and his anger was almost equal to her own. He forbade Dr. Mansfield to enter his house, or hold communication with his daughter, and neither the tears nor entreaties of Lucy were able to soften him. Any thing in reason he would have granted, but to consent to her marrying one so entirely poor was impossible. He led her into society, tried to interest her in the present, and to make her forget the past, but in vain. She became paler and sadder every day, and her father plainly saw that if she could not marry Dr. Mansfield, she would never be the wife of another.

Several months had passed in this manner ere Mr. Walden's affection for his daughter triumphed. He was at length convinced that nothing but his consent to her marriage could restore her to health and happiness, and determined to accede to her wishes, though by so doing, his own projects for her advancement were defeated. He consulted no one, nor did he say any thing to Lucy on the subject, preferring to give her an agreeable surprise.

One lovely evening she had wandered to a favorite arbor, and in reflections on the past and gloomy anticipations of the future, remained unconscious of the lapse of time. There she had sat with Mansfield, there she had list-

ened to his impassioned language, and vowed to live for him and him alone. The sun had set, the moon had risen in unclouded splendor, yet still Lucy moved not, thought not of return. She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of some one. She raised her eyes expecting to behold her father, and was astonished to see Mansfield. She could scarcely believe herself awake; but the moment the words "Lucy, dear Lucy!" were uttered, she felt it was no illusion, the voice was indeed his, and in a moment all sorrow was forgotten. His appearance in the arbor was soon explained. Mr. Walden had that morning rode over to his friend's house for the purpose of enquiring into the prospects of Henry Mansfield. The uncle had kindly offered to settle an income of a thousand pounds a year on his nephew if he should marry Lucy, which, with the profits arising from his profession, would be sufficient to preserve them from want, independent of any assistance Mr. Walden might choose to afford.

Lucy knew not how to thank her father sufficiently for his kindness in suffering her at last to choose for herself; and the happiness of the young couple could not have been increased by half a dozen titles, or an income of fifty thousand pounds. A handsome, yet not ostentatious mansion was purchased for them by Mr. Walden, and there they dwelt in tranquility and peace, regardless of the smiles and frowns of the great world around them.

But Mr. Walden had failed to secure the approbation of Clara to so degrading an alliance, as she termed it. Indeed Lady Morton not only refused to forgive Mrs. Mansfield, but even to acknowledge her as a sister. Wrapt in pride as in a mantle, every softer feeling was excluded. She determined to forget that she had so mean spirited a relative, and though there were moments when she grieved for her companionship, and would almost have given the world to cast her arms around her as of old, and call her sister, yet she persisted in disowning her. She was, as is usually the case, the greatest sufferer from her own injustice and ill-nature; for she had been accustomed to confide all her sorrows, trifling though they were, to Lucy, and to be soothed by her

sympathy. And many a time had the kind girl sat by her bed when she complained of some trifling indisposition, and watched over her for hours, scarcely daring to close her eyes lest she might find her worse when she awoke.

But Lady Morton did not often suffer recollections of the past to intrude upon her. The brilliant present was sufficient to dazzle and bewilder a mind like hers. Three years passed quickly in the pleasures of a London life, and then Lord Morton and his lady determined to make a tour on the continent. They took with them their only child, a charming boy of two years. After visiting Switzerland and Italy, they were descending the Rhine on their return, when they were obliged, by the sudden illness of their child, to stop at a town on the river. His disease seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians the place could afford. Lord Morton sent to a town at some distance to procure one of more celebrity, but it was of no avail. The child's fever increased in spite of all they could do to break it, and Lady Morton was almost distracted at the idea of losing her son in a foreign land, for want of skilful attendance, as she confidently believed.

At length the crisis came. The parents sat by his bed expecting every moment to see him die, until the mother, worn out with previous watching, was borne fainting to her apartment. After seeing her properly taken care of, Lord Morton returned to his former station, and had no sooner entered the room than he was informed by one of his servants of the arrival of an English physician.

"Shall I show him up?" said the valet in conclusion.

"Certainly, there is no time to lose," said Lord Morton. In another moment the physician entered. He was tall and fine looking, but the father was too much absorbed by his grief to notice the personal appearance of the stranger.

"Do you think he can recover?" said Lord Morton after a short pause.

"I think he may," said the Dr. "If he lives till morning the danger will be almost over, but his recovery will no doubt be tedious."

"I care not for that," said the anxious father, "only save him and I shall bless you forever."

As he spoke he raised his eyes, and fixing them on the physician's face started back in evident astonishment.

"Dr. Mansfield, if I am not mistaken."

"The same," said the Dr. coldly.

"Is Mrs. Mansfield with you?" Before the Dr. had time to answer the latter interrogatory Lucy was in the room. All wrongs, all coolness was forgotten in her extreme anxiety to learn the true state of her sister's child. Lord Morton arose to receive her. She seated herself by the bed, and from that moment became the principal nurse of her little nephew. He was restless and uneasy. The Dr. prepared a composing draught, and in a short time the little sufferer was in a refreshing sleep. The father then stole softly from the room to prepare his wife for the meeting which must soon take place. He found her asleep, and having given her maid orders to call him as soon as she awoke, threw himself on a sofa for a few minutes repose, of which he stood in great need. Lady Morton, however, did not give her maid time to execute his orders, but flew to her child's room regardless of the girl's remonstrances. Her heart was softened by anxious fears, and when she so unexpectedly saw Lucy supporting the head of her darling boy, she remembered only the happy, innocent days of their childhood, ere ambition had poisoned the fountains of her love, and rushing forward threw her arms round her sister, and imprinted a warm kiss on her cheek.

"Can you forgive me!" she exclaimed, as she bent over her precious charge, who was now awake and appeared much better.

"You are forgiven," said Lucy. At that moment Dr. Mansfield entered with Lord Morton, whom he had hastened to inform of the favorable change in the health of his child. Great was the joy of the parents, and though the Dr. did not wish to take upon himself the merit of having saved him, their gratitude was no less, than if to his care alone they owed the preservation of his life. Clara was forgiven by those she had injured, but she did not forgive herself. She felt as if she could never sufficiently atone for her unkind behaviour to

Lucy, or do enough to show a proper appreciation of her goodness.

Dr. Mansfield and his wife had been making a tour through France and Germany, and they, too, were returning down the Rhine, when by one of those fortunate accidents which have sometimes so great an influence over our lives, they stopped for the night at the same town, and were directed to the hotel where Lord and Lady Morton were detained.

They consented to remain till the child was restored to health, and then all proceeded to France together. They sojourned for some time at Paris, where the intelligence and worth of Dr. Mansfield were properly appreciated by many to whom he had brought letters of introduction, and Clara had the satisfaction of seeing that although her brother-in-law had no titles, many persons of high standing paid much more attention to him than they were in the habit of paying to those who had only rank or wealth to recommend them.

When their visit to Paris was over, they re-

turned together to England. Great was Mr. Walden's surprise to see his two daughters with their husbands arrive in company, and happy was the family party which assembled in his drawing-room that night. Clara wondering how she could have so foolishly deprived herself of her Lucy's society for three long years, and all because instead of loving a worthless titled profligate, she had fixed her affections on a worthy man, who was better calculated than any other to make her happy. No farther dissensions ever arose in Mr. Walden's family. The affection of the sisters, for each other continued to increase, and in proportion as it increased Lady Morton's love of fashion and display diminished. Their children were taught to love each other as cousins should, and paid many a visit together to their grandpapa; gladdening his heart by their childish sports, and Lady Morton has often said that much of the happiness of her life was owing to the illness of her child, and the accidental meeting to which it led on the banks of the Rhine.

Original.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

BY E. YEATES REESE.

I.

Hark! 'tis the riotous shout
Of storm and whirlwind thro' the darken'd sky,
Old winter howls without
As sweep the revellers in fury by!

II.

No gleamings from afar
Shall catch the wanderer's anxious gaze to-night;
There is no kindly star,
To guide the lonely mariner aright.

III.

And she, whose hearth is bare,
The widow and her orphan ones that weep!
God! *we* thy mercies share—
Wilt thou not guard the wretched while they sleep?

IV.

Around a blazing hearth
A happy group, our household all appear,
Regardless 'mid our mirth
Of the hoarse tempest spreading terror near.

V.

Childhood, with artless smile,
And age with calm and philosophic mein,
Each passing hour beguile,
With mingled shouts of mirth, and smiles serene.

VI.

Yet 'mid our social cheer
Sits one with features wo-be-gone and pale,
Whose spirit sighs to hear
The wild, shrill shrieking of the passing gale.

VII.

Sad,—ah! how sad to her,
The beating rain, and elements commotion—
Alas! alas! they stir
Thoughts of the loved-one on the trackless ocean.

VIII.

To her each thought is pain,
And Fancy, whose dread power is never lost,
Brings to her maddened brain,
Visions of wreck on wreck, by tempest tost.

IX.

Oh! chide her not, that tears
Are stealing from a fount unused to weep;
But soothe her rising fears,
And hush the bitter thoughts that will not sleep.

X.

There are kind voices near,
And the bright smiles of loving friends are round her.
Yet chide not thou the tear,
For sorrow's gloomy spell, to-night hath bound her!

Original.

THE TOILET.

BY DR. ALLEN LEE JONES.

"She loves him? Ha!
 That story is doubtful! See! I will consent to wed him
 Unless he loves me better! That young man
 The pleasures of the town—how things have changed!
 And then I shall see she is no more
 Her former self—no more! no more!
 Of her feelings with her heart I know;
 And then she'll give it freely to the man
 Her virgin wishes chose!"

Were the muse of the pencil to look around for a model of health and beauty, she would probably select a rural lass with her broom, or milk-pail. With those, who wonder at her rosy cheeks and beautiful eyes? The nine sisters were all sylvan goddesses. By the way, to one who has seen the blooming virgins of a New England May-day, the proud and conscious queens of Broadway, and the magnificent brunettes of the South, it may seem something more than coincidence that travellers should *always* award the wreath of American beauty to the belles of the city of monuments. Well, there is a way of accounting for taste; old enough, however, to have been forgotten ere this. Juno promised power, Minerva, wisdom: but the more-knowing Venus whispered a gift of the most beautiful woman in the world, and Paris gave her the apple inscribed with "Let the fairest take it." Yet, with all her charms, the Queen of Beauty married a blacksmith. Perhaps her beauty had been a fatal gift, and the democratic Vulcan "made an honest woman of her." This decision of Paris does not imply a death of charms to the other fair disputants—Juno, especially. Her husband was too tasteful in his appreciation of beauty to marry a fright. Witness his gallantries with the snowy Leda and the rosy Europa; yet, within her monumental shadows many fair flowers are blooming in the boudoirs of the good city of the Calverts. One of her sweetest is Clara Lake—meaning, by "sweetest," the flower that compounds bloom with fragrance—the woman that unites beauty with intelligence.

It was a chilly night last winter, and clear as day; for the moon is brightest on the coldest nights; so purity, like ice, is most lustrous

when frozen to temptation. If such a cold, chaste pride as Clara could start an eye through the glass of entrance of Paris's chamber windows, why then, one not so near heaven may take a peep, and never vow a mass the more at his goddess's end. It was a chamber where beauty had been the artist, and wealth the paymaster; so palace-like in its elegance. The carpet elevated the ear of the expected footfall. The elastic seats rebounded like a wave under a flying sail boat. The panels of the wardrobe were so many mirrors. The eye languished under the mellow glow of painting, gilding, damask and bullion. The furniture reflected a soft and waveless halo from the toilet, "where the perfumed lights stole through the mists of alabaster lamps." There was something of exquisite languor and repose in the *tourneur* of the bed, with its drooping curtains, its clothes turned down, and its pillows trimmed with ruffled lace. The very air invited sleep; so loaded with toilet perfumery and the sweets of some beautiful exotics. Heavens, what an immensity of power in wealth! what Spartan heroism to despise it! Yet luxury had not spoiled Clara, albeit, her ancestral branch of the tree genealogical was a *poorvine* graft.

Clara was a bride of two months. She had just returned from the theatre with her husband and a beautiful female friend, who was assisting her to undress. It was but ten o'clock, but for the sake of the rising generation, married people must set the example of early hours. Well, "fine feathers make fine birds," but not fine girls; and so it was with Clara; for all the feathers, ermine, jewelry and satins she disrobed, her own smiles betrayed, what her mirror had already done, an

increasing loveliness. The last jewel was unclasped from her hair, and it fell in dark and cooling showers on a bosom that had all the beauty of snow without its chilliness. Her eyes were like two diamonds in the mirror at the sight. Her husband was not there to brush her curls, and she did the task for him; just so negligently that he would do it over again. What delicious remembrances are associated with the toilet.

The wife was extremely lovely. She had a figure (could it have been seen, and the probability increased as she undressed) like "the statue that enchants the world," or rather the statue resembling her, if we take the fairest as the standard of comparison—head and features after the mould of the goddess of liberty—on a new cent; hair of floating chesnut, never tortured by paper, nor crisped by curling tongs, that borrowed not a wave of its silken elegance from art; eyes that wore the glisten of dark mahogany in moonshine—two lurking loop holes, whence Cupid sped most fatal shafts at the besieger; lips kissed into a fever, and complexion like a pale roseleaf when you tear open the bud, just as it shows its streaks.

Her companion was scarcely Clara's inferior in personal appearance. Her fairer and more blazing and unsettled eyes, indicated a sanguine, fanciful, and perhaps giddy temperament. She was from the country, a land of hills, where lonely hours dispose to ideal creations; where books and strolls, songs and flowers, storms and calms, breezy streams by day, and chaunting waterfalls by moonlight, and more than all the lovers' meeting by the greenwood shade; all nurture that imaginative enthusiasm which, mistaking compliment for feeling, revelry for happiness, so readily yields captive to the gaities of a city. She was splendidly attired; for, alas, already her ambition had achieved the richest fashions and the tallest feathers! Yet, at the moment, a reminiscence of happier hours intruded on her newborn passions, for she turned sickened from the brilliants on her fingers, to gaze with envious sadness on the wife.

"And what think you of a city life?" inquired Clara, as she slid a satin slipper from her pretty foot.

"I am not surprised at Julia," answered Isabel, musingly. They had just seen Miss V—as Julia, in the Hunchback. "Poets have painted the town in such cold and formal pictures that, like her, I am captivated to find it so different and so enchanting."

"Then, like her," answered Clara, "you have overlooked the mellow charms of the perspective in the glitter of the foreground. You do us greater injustice than the poets when you imagine that fashion and splendor are the brightest side of our life's picture. Poetry has denied us social love, but where in your country gardens will you find the flower so blooming as at our city firesides? It is a household plant, and, debarred of fields, we nurse it at our hearths. The world is cold without, and we seek for warmth within. Poetry has tuned her divinest numbers to the praise of rural life, so that we are disappointed almost to dislike, at its frequent clownishness and discomfort."

"Yet you married a countryman;" said Isabel.

"I did;" returned the wife, with a happy look at her youthful husband's portrait, "and you, most probably, will marry a citizen. You are already won by their complimentary elegance in contrast to the less practised nonchalance of a countryman; you mistrust his knowledge of the ton, and constantly fear some ludicrous mistake, at which the triflers of society will laugh. A debutante is jealous of punctilios, and feels secure from ridicule with an amateur her cicerone; he, in turn, is captivated by her naivette, a charm—at least to him, wearing the fascination of novelty. Now it is remarked in schools that students from the country are very stupid or very talented, while those from the cities are neither one nor the other. Hence, a city belle, tired of commonplace chat, will prefer a well-educated gentleman from the country; for there is nothing so flattering to beauty as the adulation of talent. If he is less vivacious in society he is more passionate alone; moreover, she is assured of his singleness of heart and unsurfeited affection. Young men of fortune and fashion, in a city, are too apt, like bees, to sip the sweets of many flowers; this is insulting woman on

her point of honor. She must have an undivided heart, for she gives up all of hers."

Isabel was silent, yet she trembled with the mistrust of one whose fancy has been seduced into some untold scheme while conscience slumbered. Clara had seen with what reckless delight her friend had plunged into the whirlpool of fashion. She knew, however, that her heart was untainted, and, with master Walter's intention, she resolved to guide, but not to check her, that the disease might work its own cure. Romances and solitude had made Isabel one of those musing and imaginative beings, who readily invest an elegant exterior, with corresponding qualities of the heart, and Clara trembled for her safety, when she noted the fascinating attentions of a destroyer, and the too unequivocal pleasure of her friend. There was something like a return to her deserted feelings—something like a longing for that serene delight which flees the crowd for the fireside, in Isabel's filling eyes, as she watched the lovely wife stooping till her ringlets fell to hide the splendid bosom the lawn deserted, while she slipped from her foot the silk that still retained the warm and beautiful mould of the limb it had encased. It shook Isabel's new and feverish ambition for display to see one so brilliant and beautiful as the wife deserting the world for her husband's society. Clara saw the impression, and determined to improve it; she looked, in a pretended reverie of fondness, at her husband's portrait.

The portrait was certainly handsome, though it needed a second glance to discover it. It is true of both sexes, that true beauty is the development of acquaintance. A woman, merely beautiful, wins an introduction, but the impression is then at its height, and it declines afterwards. A girl, never flattered for beauty, looks within for some charm to cope with her more gifted sister, and she finds it in the ornamental culture of her head and heart. So it is with the other sex, and so it was with the husband's portrait, except the injustice of implied ugliness; for it was really manly and intellectual. Men ought not to be *pretty*; there should be something to distinguish them from their sisters. Manliness of soul will give manliness of feature and expression; and this is the noblest

order of manly beauty. I am safe in this theory, for it is borrowed from the sex whom men are designed to please.

"Isabel," said the wife, "I was twenty before I loved; not that I could not love; but *my heart wanted a shrine!*" I was coming home from a ball one night, where I had triumphed over every thing but a pale student, who always had around him a circle of listeners. My coterie was formed of the butterflies of fashion; his of the giants of intellect. He danced once only to show that he could dance; but he passed by me to ask the hand of a poor relation. He left very early. As we were coming home the carriage broke down in an unfrequented street, and guided by a light, we entered the house of a poor widow. There was the student at the bed-side of her sick child. He smiled—for he thought we had come on an errand of charity. I gave the widow my purse, and he smiled again. I knew he was kind. I reached home, and flung a zone of jewels to the floor. I could not bear them so near the heart they rivalled. I prayed for the student, and slept and dreamed of him; my ideal worship had found 'the god of its idolatry.' I awoke, and my happiness was a dream—a link only of the flowered chain had fallen; for as I reached the window, I saw the student arrest a furious horse that was dashing away with a light wagon, in which was seated, not a peeress of fashion, but a poor old negro. 'God bless you, my young master,' he said, and the student shook the grateful negro's hand. The crowd shouted. I wept, and the student happened to look up and see me. I waved my hand; I could not help it. He bowed as he walked on, yet, with a kind of proud respect, as if he pitied my weakness, and wished to save me from further indelicacy. I could have died of shame, yet I knew my indiscretion was safe in his keeping. I learned the music of his step ere it faded in the distance. I now knew that he was brave.

"That evening a drive was proposed to the university of ——. We reached it, and there was no resident to escort us; they all had sought the promenades of the city. "Perhaps Mr. Lake is in his room;" said the gentleman who received us; and he was. Mr.

Lake appeared; he was the student! His elegant salutation went to more hearts than mine. It was, perhaps, distant, but deeply respectful; for he was too well-bred to avail himself of our situation to presume on familiarity. There is a tone of manners associated with mind which is never learnt—never taught. I can liken Mr. Lake's demeanor to nothing but the chivalric courtesy of some knight of romance, whose betrothal to one forbids aught but profoundest respect to the rest of her sex.

"We reached the dome, and the city lay mantled in blue below us. It was a hazy autumnal eve, when, poets say, we think of the grave to which "the sear and yellow leaf" is falling; but to me, since that sweet evening, the season has appeared one of love. The winter is coming, and the lone heart looks around for a fellow in its melancholy. It happened—ah! no, it was fated that the student should be my partner. Dared a poor and nameless stranger transcend the most formal deference to the rich and flattered belle? The scene was—you know how magnificent. I was bereft of words at the time I wished them most. Mr. Lake was obliged to talk much, else our companionship had been awkward. He respected a lady too much to give her a moment's pain. It was too sweet to listen! His rich, feeling, and brilliant eloquence in descriptive scenery, kindled my confused fancy, and I spoke at length in burning words that never belonged to me before. Visions, sentiments, and illustrations crowded on me, that came with the occasion, and, alas! went with it. The student was evidently pleased that he had mistaken my character—that the queen of fashion had a heart. He was more passionate than ever. I knew that such poetic warmth, like yours, Isabel, had been kindled amid the splendors of nature. Yet, closely as imagination is allied with love, the student never dropped a compliment. I trembled lest my heart was gone—lest his was in the keeping of another! An incident took us into his room as we descended. I was turning over the leaves of a Flora, when I saw the drawing of a lattice half opened, and a girl

waving her hand. Ah, my happy heart!—the face was mine!

"Thus we had known each other but a day, yet years of acquaintance were passed in those sweet hours! *We loved.* The next morning he did not pass; nor the next, nor for a week! I was frantic with fear, but I had to smile and dress and dance. The student was ill, and as I knew he loved me, I felt guilty of robbing of his time and health—all he had, poor fellow! I was sick of the world. Others had wooed me for wealth; he had not dared to woo me for myself. I love him, thought I, and, for the happiness of both, I will place him above servility to fortune. What nobler use can I make of riches? A week more elapsed before he passed the window, where, at the same hour, I kept my anxious watch. He was paler, thinner; but oh! it was sweet to think of my share in his illness! Our eyes met—I don't know which blushed the most; but he seemed to remember himself with a struggle, and hurried on as if his love was too aspiring. Thus, every day at noon, it was my delightful task to watch, unseen, the nameless student. How often has he kissed me for it since!"

"My forgotten Charles," murmured Isabel, in self-communion.

Clara warmed in her recital, as if to make the most of her friend's emotion. "He seldom went out, but I shortly after met him at the house of a gentleman who, though wealthy, scorned any other standard of society but intelligence. I was not the only belle who left the more dashing leaders of the ton to listen to the simple and elegant student. At home on every subject, except fashion and cookery, his conversation was like one of those eastern romances that enchant you the more at every leaf. He never praised a song, nor asked for one, except that once he gently inquired of me, "do you sing?" I had been just listening to his original and beautiful critique on the opera of the week. I trembled as I commenced, but after my composure returned I never played or sung better. Others were loud, as usual, in their applause; he spoke not, nor moved; but, as I arose from the harp, I saw his eyes were filling with tears, and

he saw, in my stealing glance, that I prized his mute emotion more than the most dazzling compliment."

"Go on;" whispered Isabel, who was intensely agitated. She was chasing a phantom for happiness, and before her breathed one who could have been a queen of ton, had she not resigned her crown for love.

"After this," continued Clara, "Mr. Lake visited my father's. They were angels' visits. He never told his love. One evening we were sitting alone over some engravings that pictured a story of the tender passions. Neither of us saw them, yet we turned them over and commented mechanically. I could hear the beating of my heart as he took my passive hand. How elegantly he did it. "Hands," he said, "were made for touch: their sensibility is so exquisite;" I felt that it was delightful, and our palms rested in luxurious contact. "Lips," he said again, "are far

more sensitive than hands;" and he wondered if their touch was not extatic in proportion. I knew what was coming. He raised the curls from my blushing face, and I felt his warm, sweet breath stealing along to my mouth. I have a wild, segar-smoking cousin, Isabel, who will kiss me sometimes, and I thought I should never like kissing, till the student kissed me. Alas, the sweet habit grows more powerful with indulgence!"

"You have saved me!" exclaimed Isabel, starting up, while her inspiration heightened her loveliness to something beyond humanity. "There is no happiness but love. This night will I answer my own true Charles' letter. I had determined to neglect it. In one month I will be as happy as you! There is your husband's step on the stairs. You blush! heaven bless you—good night;" and the redeemed Isabel left the room as the husband entered to clasp to his heart his modest and beautiful wife.

Original.

EN ASSANT.

I long to land in Europe—to survey

The tombs and temples of old England's isle;

Her crumbling castles, now gone to decay;

Her ancient relics and her ruined piles;

Where once the Norman knight in grandeur sate,

And Scotia's jewel'd queen in tears retired;

Where Charles, in horror, heard his dismal fate,

And with the curse of Cromwell's lips expired:

Home of the haughty, high-born and the brave—

Patron of genius—mistress of the wave!

Fair France, I sigh upon thy shores to rove,

Where once the troubadour his wild harp
woke;

The land of revolutions and of love,

Where freedom from her chains in blood hath
broke;

The land of wit, and wickedness, and worth,

Of fashion, folly, and of lofty schools;

The green and glorious Eden of the earth,

The cradle of philosophers and fools:

Land of extremes, and exquisite in all,

I sigh before thy sacred shrines to fall!

The ruins of old Rome—I long to stand

Amid her crumbling columns, and intrude

Where once the tongue of Tully gave command,

And the fam'd city of the Caesar's stood.

Baltimore, Dec. 10th. 1840.

I long by moonlight, and alone, to muse

Amid the coliseums crumbling crust;

The monuments of mighty men peruse,

Who in her glorious days went down to dust:

The mistress of a thousand thrones, old Rome,

Tyrants have trod on thy untimely tomb.

And glorious Greece, the garden of the globe,

Light of benighted nations—how I long

To land where Athens wears her ruined robe,

The city and the seat of sacred song;

Thy mouldering mausoleums to survey,

Where Homer and his harp together sleep;

To gaze upon thy grandeur in decay,

And on thy time-worn temples sit and weep:

Thy fanes, philosophy, have fallen now.

And darkness rests, O Greece, upon thy brow.

Thy monarchs and thy minstrels are no more:

Miltiades sleeps in his silent cell;

And woodland's wave o'er Marathon of yore.

No muses on Parnassus deign to dwell;

Minerva to a foreign clime hath fled.

And Socrates in death hath closed his eyes;

Thou art one silent city of the dead.

The tomb of tyrants, traitors, and the wise:

The tooth of time hath touched time, and must

Crumble thy marble monuments to dust.

MISSISSIPPI, B. C.

Original.

A VISIT TO A NATURALIST.

BY J. G. M.

IN the summer of 1839 I was travelling in the interior of Ohio, and one evening, whilst seated in the garden of a friend, enjoying a most delicious breeze, and sundry other refreshing things, I hastily sprung up to capture a beetle flying along, which I had never seen east of the mountains. After describing its character to my hospitable friend and his family, and exhibiting some familiarity with the science of entomology, Mrs. R. observed, "You ought to visit Count I—— before you leave Ohio; he has a large collection of insects."

"Count I——!" I exclaimed. "I will go fifty miles out of my way to see him—does he live in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir, in three hours ride you can be at his house."

I at once resolved to go, and next morning I was on my way to visit a naturalist.

The name and character of the scientific gentleman alluded to, had been long familiar to me. I knew that he lived somewhere in the west, but had no idea that I was so near the place of his residence. He is closely allied with one of the wealthiest and proudest families of the English nobility, but is himself a German by birth. For some years he held a distinguished rank in the army of a German prince, in the valley of the Rhine. His education is just what might be expected of a man who has enjoyed all the advantages of the most celebrated German universities, combined with wealth and an inextinguishable thirst for knowledge, as well as a high ambition for honorable distinction in scientific and literary pursuits. But his accomplishments are not confined to the more solid attainments of the genuine scholar; he is equally distinguished in the lighter refinements of the polished gentleman. As a musician he excels, and as a draughtsman he has few equals. His leisure hours were devoted to the study of natural history, and his ardor became so intense that, having procured a furlough from

his military duties, he travelled in Africa in quest of specimens, and visited many parts of Europe in prosecution of the same work. An unfortunate disagreement with some members of his family, induced him, perhaps, in an evil hour, to forego all his advantages at home, and immigrate to America. He came here with letters recommendatory from La Fayette, and has settled in Ohio, where he affects no titular or aristocratic honors, but is generally known as plain Mr. I——. I had seen his name in scientific works, and had heard of him through other channels, and right glad I was of the opportunity of seeing him.

The next morning early I set out, full of high expectation and promising myself a rare treat. In three or four hours ride I arrived at the village, and having made my toilet in a style corresponding to the occasion of visiting a nobleman, I called at his house. It was not a palace, nor even a splendid mansion. It was an ordinary dwelling—very ordinary, and I confess I was disappointed. My fancy had pictured something very different. I had thought of columned porticos, and massy gateways, and porters' lodges, and servants in waiting—but there was nothing of all this. It was a plain, substantial modern edifice, without even any horticultural embellishments around it. My courage began to rise; for I confess I was somewhat intimidated at the idea of encountering a learned and accomplished nobleman. I knocked at the door, and a plain, farmer-like looking man, in shirt sleeves, and coarse straw hat, opened it. I inquired if Mr. I—— was at home.

"I am Mr. I——;" replied the person, in a strong, foreign accent. This, then, was the celebrated naturalist, Count I——! My confidence increased, and, in his native language, I introduced myself. I was received with genuine German cordiality, conducted into the house, and made acquainted with his family. The interior corresponded in simplicity of artificial decoration with the exterior, but it con-

tained *natural* ornaments, which were tenfold more valuable, in my view, than the most costly furniture would have been. On one side of the room were arranged, in beautiful glass cases, many of our American birds, shot, stuffed and mounted by the Count himself and executed in the highest style of the taxidermic art. On another side were glass cases, containing many of our smaller quadrupeds, prepared in the same beautiful manner. On the shelves I saw a fine collection of American reptiles, and a case of drawers on another side contained a large number of insects. Our conversation began, and for eight hours it was uninterrupted. Did you ever see two naturalists in company, surrounded by the objects of their enthusiastic admiration and untiring study? Some men would think them insane,—the minutest insect often affords matter for an hour's discussion, and the slightest variation in the color of a bird's plumage gives rise to a protracted debate. The Count had met with no naturalist for some months, and all his observations and discoveries made in the interim, were communicated to me. Some of them were curious,—many of them, valuable. The German pipe and beer mug, of course,

were introduced, and there we smoked and drank and talked, until we appeared to be friends just met after a long separation, instead of strangers, who had never seen each other before.

The day was most profitably spent by me, for I received much new information on some of our animals, and carried away some valuable additions to my own cabinet, which the Count generously pressed upon me. He opened his drawers, and requested me to take what I chose; but this is an offer which I had to decline. I could not venture to offer to purchase them, and hence my false modesty was vastly in my way. The Count is personally acquainted with many of the distinguished *savans* of Europe, and related many most interesting anecdotes concerning them. Long shall the events of that day be remembered by me. It was an intellectual feast rarely enjoyed. The good Count, at parting, warmly pressed my hand, and expressed a hope that we should meet again. The final *adieu* was uttered, and I tore myself away from one of the most learned naturalists and accomplished gentlemen, it has been my good fortune to meet in my life.

Original.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY RECORD."

CHAPTER I.

THE PATIENT.

"It is early—just seven o'clock—I'll warrant the girls don't expect you before eight, and you cannot pass an hour more agreeably—come!" said Winifred Weldon, a good-looking young M. D., to his friend and fellow graduate, Robert Smyth, whom he was persuading to accompany him on a visit to an interesting patient, that had been placed under his charge by Doctor L——, whose assistant he was. But Smyth, who was not quite as sentimental as his friend, and, withal, a vast deal more aristocratic, could not be convinced in what earthly manner a poor girl, the victim of disease and indigence, could be *interesting*; besides he has

made an engagement with some young ladies of his acquaintance, and if he should happen to be detained beyond the appointed time, through his friend's "cursed object of charity," it would be a "pretty go!"

"What a fellow you are, Weldon!" returned Smyth, you ought to have been a parson, with your foolish benevolence; but I shan't be dragged about by your whims any longer."

"You'll not regret it—come, you must go," and Weldon, thrusting his arm thro' Smyth's, drew him forcibly along through several streets, to the door of a very small, old, crazy-looking building, at which he rapped. A light footstep within greeted their ears; the

door was timidly opened a little way, and a sweet tremulous voice enquired, "who's there?"

"It is I, Emmy;" answered Weldon, and at the sound of his well-known voice the door was immediately thrown wide open. The friends entered, and were led through a damp passage into a badly furnished, uncomfortable room, and as the light fell upon their gentle conductor, Smyth thought she was a very uncommon looking *poor* girl—and yet she was dressed meanly enough, in all conscience! But, however unfashionable her habiliments were, they did not conceal the uncommon beauty of her figure. She was a little flushed in the presence of the stranger, and the momentary glow that tinged her soft fair cheek was so rich, that Smyth really did not think she looked like a *poor* girl. But *she* was not the patient.

Upon a bed in the furthest part of the room, lay the object of their visit, and while Weldon was attending to her in his professional capacity, Smyth turned to a parcel of books that loaded the old-fashioned mantel-piece. Turning one carelessly in his hands, he bent his eyes again upon the girl, who was seated at her sewing. She happened to raise her head and met his gaze. He was not used to shrink from the glance of a poor girl, but he did feel very much confused.

Throwing the book hastily aside, he turned to the couch of the invalid. Weldon was twining her dark, glossy ringlets familiarly around his fingers, and assuring her, in a tone of soothing tenderness, that she would be well enough to leave her bed in a few days.

"Ah! I know well, you physicians sometimes deem it necessary to hold out illusory hopes; but I cannot be deceived; I feel I shall never rise from this bed again;" replied the invalid, lifting her emaciated hand to brush back a tiny lock that had wandered above her sunken eye.

"I deceive you?—I would not—no! But my friend will feel this pulse." Smyth took the little thin wrist into his hand. "Is n't it even—is n't it regular? Is n't it only weakness that confines her to bed?"

"I did not mean that you would *wrongly*

deceive me," rejoined the sick girl, "but—but—you might be deceived yourself. You might think—"

"Think—nay I *know* you are fast recovering. But the clock is striking eight, and I am detaining my friend. Emmy!"

The girl was at his side in a moment, and handing her a little packet of powders, he directed her to administer one to the patient, every two hours. Taking leave of the sufferer, they were attended to the door by the lovely girl.

"Try and keep your sister's mind composed and all will be well, Emmy—good night."

"Heaven will bless you, Mr. Weldon, you are very kind;" returned the girl, "good night." The door closed; Weldon moved off; Smyth lingered upon the step in momentary abstractedness, and then joined him.

"She has a sweet voice;" remarked he, as he laid his hand on Weldon's shoulder.

"Who? Emmy?—yes, she has, indeed; and did you ever see more beautiful hair than my patient has?"

"Well, who are they, Weldon?"

"Poor friendless orphans, Smyth."

"But if I may judge from the nature of the little library that adorns the old mantel-piece, they are not uneducated."

"Why, no! They have seen better days; but when their father died—which was shortly after, he came to this city—they were left strangers, and destitute, with very little money, and no friends. But I told you, you would not regret the visit."

"Well I did not. The girls will rate me for want of punctuality though;" said Smyth, "I must turn up this street—won't you accompany me?"

"Thank you—I would with pleasure," returned Weldon, "but I have very particular business at home that must be attended to." They parted. Smyth spent an agreeable evening with the young ladies, with whom he had made the engagement, and, in the moment of social glee, the incident just related vanished entirely from his mind.

When Weldon reached his boarding house he found letters from his family, entreating him to hasten home in consequence of the ex-

treme illness of his father: and breakfast hour next morning found him far upon his journey. By the time he arrived at home his father was getting better, and in a few weeks was perfectly restored to health: There was much to amuse him in that spot where his early days were spent; and time passed so pleasantly among old friends and relatives, that all thoughts of the interesting patient vanished from his mind also. Near a month elapsed before he set out on his return to the city.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUBJECT.

On the day after his return, when Weldon repaired to the Medical College the lecture had already commenced, and the Professor, with the dissected head of a negro before him, was pointing out the nerves of the face, and explaining the nature and formations of each. At the conclusion of his remarks he stated that the next day's lecture would be one of peculiar importance, and as they had not a proper subject on hand, he wished several of his pupils to volunteer for *resurrectionists*.*

"How now!" said Weldon to Smyth, who was seated at his elbow, "where is Graveyard Bob?" (Graveyard Bob was a negro man who had served the college in the capacity of resurrectionist, for the last two years.)

"Unfortunately the last subject that Bob had the honor to furnish us, was himself," replied Smyth, pointing to the mutilated head the Professor had been lecturing upon.

"If none of you will volunteer," said the Professor, after a pause, "I shall leave you to draw lots among yourselves—four will be a sufficient number;" and he withdrew. The lots were drawn, and it fell to Weldon's chance to be one of the *four*.

The resurrectionists elect met that night in a room at the college, where a couple of bottles of Madeira were set forth to warm their courage before starting upon their expedition. After spending some time in toasting themselves and their lady loves, one of them, who was blessed with a fund of dry wit, arose, and assuming a very serious tone and look, com-

menced: "My friends, the hour is at hand when we sinful creatures must descend into the dark and lonely tomb, and how important that we should fortify the inward man for the event;" and with the words he emptied his glass. His companions were convulsed with laughter, but preserving an imperturbable gravity, he continued:

"The wind howleth without like a roaring lion, seeking—whose—hat it may blow off; therefore," and there is no telling how long he might have run on at this rate, had not the bell struck twelve: the hour when grave yards yawn, and ghosts walk forth—when, wrapping themselves in their cloaks, they sallied out and took their seats in one of those awkward vehicles, a carryall, which was in waiting at the door. In a few moments more they were clambering over the walls of E—— graveyard.

It was a blustering night; the wind howled along in fearful gusts, and dark masses of cloud were rolling along the heavens, from which, at intervals, a few large drops of rain descended. Once in a while the moon would shine through an opening in the murky vapors with a lurid sickly light, and reveal the white tombstones, which stood like sentinel-ghosts keeping vigil to guard the dead from the sacrilegious hands of the resurrectionists. Weldon was no coward, but an uncomfortable feeling of dread crept over him as he watched his companions opening a new made grave. Each in succession wielded the pick and spade, and with such ardor did they work, that when it came to Weldon's turn the coffin was already laid bare. He leaped into the grave, and, with a vigorous effort, succeeded in wrenching off the coffin lid.

As he caught the corpse by the head to lift it up, a profusion of long hair, which was braided up, came loose, and his hand became entangled in it. An instinctive recognition seemed to have been imparted by the touch of that hair. His heart sickened, and he imagined that it twined and wreathed about his wrist in a supernatural manner. While he was endeavoring to disengage his hand, the moon shone through an opening in the clouds, shedding its pale, unearthly light into the grave, and that familiar face, as natural as life,

* Every medical institute has its *resurrectionist*—a person who furnishes it bodies for dissection.

with the eyes wide open, gazing full into his own, created a sensation of horror which cannot readily be described. A cold tremor rushed to his heart as the moon again hid her beams; a dizzy faintness crept over his frame, and he fell senseless back into the grave with the corpse.

"Damnation;" muttered one of the resurrectionists, whose name was Randolph, as he jumped into the grave, "I always thought he was a milk-faced coward." And grasping Weldon roughly, he threw him out upon the damp turf; then clambering out with the corpse, his companions soon shovelled the earth back into the grave. One of them carried the insensible Weldon to the vehicle, and the dry-witted student who now supported the corpse in his arms, remarked "You acted the part of a skilful physician, Randolph, in snatching our friend, as we may say, from the very grave."

"Damn your nonsense!" grumbled Randolph, "this wind blows hard, and I am shivering with cold."

"Very true;" returned the other, "the wind howleth, &c., as I observed before we started; and it seems to me, too, that it *would* be a deal more comfortable to have one's arms around the waist of a living woman, than a dead one, especially such a night as this." As he spoke he placed the corpse in the carryall, and the party drove briskly back to the college, where they were received by the Professor and several graduates, among whom was Smyth.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISSECTING ROOM.

When Smyth had seen Weldon, who was not yet restored to consciousness, placed in bed and proper attendants set by him, he repaired to the dissecting room. The Professor and several others were conversing in one part of the room, and the subject was extended upon a table in another part. Smyth approached, and as his eyes fell upon the subject he started back. It was the interesting patient he had visited with Weldon a week previous. He drew nearer, and gazed into her face. It seemed to recall the sweet tones of her sister Emmy's voice, and he felt sad at heart for the

grief and distress which he knew the bereaved girl must necessarily endure—for, notwithstanding he had so soon forgotten her, she had left a deep impression on his heart; and as he gazed upon the lifeless form he fell into a train of deep musing, from which he was aroused by the voice of the Professor, exclaiming, "a fine subject that, young man. Ha! ha! why you seem to have fallen in love with it," and he was proceeding to make an incision in the neck with his knife, when a blow from Smyth sent him reeling across the room.

"Randolph!" exclaimed Smyth, seizing the body in his arms, "if you have any respect for my feelings, follow."

Randolph *was* a very particular friend of Smyth, and supposing that he had discovered in the corpse a deceased relation, he obeyed, and, notwithstanding the exclamations of the enraged Professor to "seize the madman," they were permitted to leave the room.

"Lead the way to the grave you took this girl from," said Smyth abruptly, after they had proceeded a little distance in silence. Randolph made no reply, but led the way as desired; for although at any other time his friend's peremptory command, would have provoked a retort, yet under existing circumstances he cared not to cross his humor. They reached the graveyard, Randolph pointed out the grave, but, in his excitement, Smyth had forgotten that a spade and pick were requisite to re-open it. Laying the corpse gently upon the ground, he turned to his companion, "Stand by it a moment, Randolph," said he and then strode quickly back.

The wind was still blowing very hard. An old tree, whose black outlines were just discernable, threw its leafless branches about with an unnatural creaking, that grated harshly upon Randolph's ears, and as the reflection that he was alone among the dead, with a disinterred corpse, passed through his mind, his courage began to wane considerably, and so greatly did his fears increase with every blast of the breeze, that he almost imagined he could see the corpse move. His hair stood on end and he was hesitating whether to fly, when he was relieved by the returning footstep of Smyth, and both falling lustily to work the

poor girl was soon restored to the narrow home from which she had been so unceremoniously dragged. Ere the grave was refilled, however, daylight had stolen upon them, and Randolph, not caring to be seen in such an unusual place by any one who might be stirring early, took his departure, leaving Smyth to complete the task alone.

"There!" soliloquized the latter, as he placed the last shovel full of earth upon the grave, "sleep on in peace, and may your poor frame never again be disturbed until the day of final resurrection. Poor girl! little did you dream that the quiet of your early tomb would be so rudely broken in upon;" and as he spoke he leaned upon his spade, and dropped into a train of thoughts, which was not disturbed until the sun had risen and thrown his broad beams across the hills, when an approaching footstep caught his ear, and lifting his head, the bereaved, and orphan Emily stood before him. An exclamation of surprise escaped her, when she discovered who it was that stood by her sister's grave, and at such suspicious circumstances, and starting back, with an expression of amazement depicted upon her even features, the small handkerchief fell from her neck and disclosed the outline of a bust of lily whiteness, 'neath which the blue veins rested as dreamily as the moonbeams that sleep on an unsullied snowdrift. One tiny hand she raised to intercept the dazzling sunbeams that fell across her vision, and for a moment she stood in an attitude of such mute astonishment that she resembled some lovely statue of marble.

"This certainly is a very extraordinary situation for one like myself to be found in, Miss Emmy," said Smyth, "but I beg you will not condemn me before you are acquainted with the circumstances that brought me here."

"And pray what circumstances could have brought you here to play the character of sexton at this early hour?" asked Emily in a tone that seemed to intimate that she doubted the sanity of his intellect.

"That I will relate to you at a more convenient opportunity," replied Smyth, perceiving the approach of the real *bona fide* sexton.

"By your leave I will call upon you this evening."

"Not at the old house—call at No. —, S—street," returned the girl, and Smyth retired hastily.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCLUDING INCIDENTS.

When Smyth returned to the college he found Weldon pacing his room, afflicted with a slight headache, to whom he detailed the story of his morning's adventure. Weldon made a vow that he never would have a hand in another resurrection, and that he would prevent, as far as lay in his power, the disinterment of any corpse, except a corpse of color; and then both agreed to visit, together, that evening, the poor Emily, to relate the whole circumstance to her, and tender their assistance to relieve her distress.

Accordingly that evening they repaired to No. —, S—street, where they were received by Miss Emily, in a mansion which had every appearance of comfort, and even elegance about it, and she, herself, although not decked in any extravagant finery, was arrayed in habits of tasty neatness that greatly set off her natural loveliness, and seemed to convey an idea to the friends that she stood in need of no assistance. After Smyth had given a satisfactory explanation of his suspicious appearance at her sister's grave that morning, the fair girl looked up through her tears and thanked them both with a smile that would have told upon a heart less susceptible than Smyth's; and then she related something of her own history since their previous visit, during her sister's illness.

After Weldon's last visit, her sister appeared to be fast mending for several weeks, and, as he had predicted, was soon able to leave her bed; but, by incautious exposure, she was again laid low, and their slender means becoming quite exhausted they were reduced almost to very beggary, when one evening they were startled by a loud rap at the door, upon opening which, she discovered in the applicant for admittance, a bachelor uncle who had arrived in the city, and sought them out for the purpose of relieving their distresses. But this unexpected good fortune came too late for the

invalid sister, for the next day she expired. Emily's visit to the graveyard that morning had been to superintend the erection of a plain and unassuming marble monument above her sister's remains.

Smyth and Weldon heard the narrative from the fair girl's lips with feelings of unaffected sorrow, and after spending some time in sympathising with the bereaved, and descanting upon the worth of the departed, they rose and took their leave. As they wended their way home, Smyth intimated to Weldon that he thought Miss Emily—but as he designed his thoughts for Weldon's ear *alone*, 'twere best not to make them public.

* * * * *

It was a cold, rainy, disagreeable night; yet notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a gay and joyous party were assembled in Mr. L.'s comfortable parlor. The merry laugh was loud; pleasant jests and quaint remarks were bandied lightly about; beauty's smiles were as profuse as summer showers, and one enlivening flow of innocent hilarity pervaded the whole room. The four resurrectionists of our story figured conspicuous in the assemblage, and Weldon was laughing with a blue eyed girl, who, rumor said, was his intended. The dry-witted student had drawn a little group about him, which he kept in a continued flow of mirth by his witty observations. Randolph's usually forbidding countenance, was smoothed over with a smile of blandness, and gentle words were substituted for his usually blunt manner of speaking. And the fourth resurrectionist, who has been a tacit character in our story, also mingled in the crowd of happy faces.

To look upon that circle, one would have supposed that care was a total stranger to the bosoms of those who composed it. There was not a sad countenance, or a sighing voice among them, but all—all seemed to have thrown aside the weighty toils of the world, to partake, with buoyant hearts, of the merry feast.

Suddenly there was a pause in the laugh, and silence reigned among the guests. Two figures entered and took their stand in the midst of the room. Arrayed in a white—nay start not, reader, it was no spectre. Arrayed in a white bridal dress, which not a little heightened her before *surpassing* loveliness, the blushing Emily hung timidly upon the arm of her affianced—the once very aristocratic, but now very altered Smyth."

"Remember the visit;" whispered Weldon, who stood near Smyth, as the minister commenced the ceremony. "I said you would not regret it." Smith answered him with a triumphant smile.

"Verily," said the dry-witted student, "I would almost consent to play the sexton once myself, if such a hand as that was to be the reward of my labor."

"Curse it," returned Randolph, "I did the most of the labor in restoring the body to the grave, and yet he is the only party benefitted by the operation."

"I—I think," said the tacit student, who had hitherto been an avowed anti-marrying man, "I think I'll get married."

"Amen;" said the minister, after asking a blessing on the new-made couple, and, in their very hearts, all present responded AMEN!

Original.

TO THE PAST.

BY M. S. LOVETT.

Oh for the past! the buried past,
For pleasant years gone by;
For early scenes, too bright to last,
Like April's sunny sky.

Bright eyes, kind looks and gentle tones,
And young and pleasant dreams,
That time of fond, unclouded hopes,
How beautiful it seems!

We see again, through misty years,
The gladsome and the gay;

We hear again, from schoolday hours,
The voice of childhood's play.

Again we stray by winding streams—
On hills, where wild flowers grow,
And breathe again, to one beloved,
That unforgotten vow.

To one beloved! alas! the spell
Is broken by a sigh;
Oh for the past! the buried past—
For pleasant days gone by

Original.

REMINISCENCE No. 1.

BY R. KEMP.

The town of B——, was the residence of Mr. Lowndes, an exemplary minister of the "Anglo Catholic Church," a gentleman of deep piety, and personal attractions of no ordinary character: of a tall and graceful figure, great simplicity of manners, and warm affections. He was generally esteemed by all who knew him, whether of his own religious household or not. Though many differed from him, both in the forms and what are termed the essentials of religion, yet his practical piety was so decided, that it, in a great measure, overcome all the little prejudices, which they too often engender, and placed him in a position far above the shafts of calumny. While he contended for what he believed to be the truth, he was at the same time tolerant, and manifested in his daily intercourse with others, the kindest feeling possible. He was no great friend to modern innovations in the prescribed formularies of "the church," believing that they grew more out of a desire for change, than an attachment for the church itself, or its sacred institutions, and tended to schism, for which he seemed to have a holy horror. He sedulously guarded the monuments of magnificent piety with a proper care, and did not suffer them to be disfigured by the barbarism of modern times. The writer of this, knew but little of his early history, which is not material. He doubtless received a liberal education, and drank deeply of the classic lore. He entered the ministry at an early age, and served the parish from the moment he was set apart for the high and holy office of a Christian minister, till separated by death, from the flock over which he watched, with an untiring assiduity, for nearly forty years: and after commending his soul, and bereaved flock into the hands of Him, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, he sweetly fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour, in the humble hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

The parish church was one of those ancient

piles, on which memory delights to dwell. It was sufficiently adorned to shew, that those who worshipped at its altars, were neither devoid of taste, nor regardless of its sacred character. The building was substantial and capacious, of the Gothic order, with a rich and full toned organ of exquisite workmanship. The altar was in the old style, elevated some two or three steps above the floor, giving to it a prominence, especially when covered with the white damask cloth, indicative of the holy purposes of the day; ere you passed through the vestibule, to the interior of the church, it could not fail of attracting the notice, of the least observant. In the rear of the altar, the Lord's prayer, the creed and the commandments, were to be seen in gold and shining characters, surmounted on either side by a cherubim and seraphim, with wings expanded; a fit emblem of the altar of incense, from which there is daily ascending the incense of many a heart, borne along on the wings of love. The pulpit stood on the right—the reading desk on the left, leaving the altar entirely unincumbered; (a strange contrast to modern taste,) a somewhat elevated platform, and a little table stuck under it, scarcely visible; the whole contributed much to the appearance of the place, adding greatly to the solemn and striking effect, which one so much delights to see, on entering a place of worship, and if I may so express it, tends to harmonize the feelings, and throw about them, that sense of the Divine presence and majesty, so well calculated to prepare the mind for the solemnities of the place, as well as of the occasion. I will here in connection with this branch of my subject, make a slight digression, for the purpose of introducing a circumstance, which just strikes my mind, though apparently of but little importance, yet it is one which has followed me to this hour, and probably will never be effaced from my memory. The children of the parish to the number of one hundred and upwards, were in the habit of meeting weekly

for instructions in the catechism, a duty in which Mr. L——delighted to engage. During the winter months, they usually assembled in the vestry room, in rear of the church. Some of the little fellows, with an indifference and air, so peculiar to boys, in passing through the church, forgot the well-known practice of taking off their hats, and entered the room rather precipitately. Our reverend friend, always availing himself of every fit occasion for reproving what was wrong, and inculcating a proper reverence and respect for the institutions of religion, did not leave this opportunity unimproved. His language, as might well be imagined, partook of his own chastened mind, was mild and affectionate, yet pointed. It lost none of its effect on this account; but rather gave to it a degree of weight which seldom failed of accomplishing its object; indeed, so strong was the impression that, since then, I could never feel satisfied to keep covered in the house of God, even when paying a transient visit during the week, much less on the Sabbath, being impressed with the idea of the divine presence, and that surely it would be the height of irreverence to pay less homage to His house than to that of a fellow mortal, where such neglect would be at once construed into either a want of respect or of good taste, or, perhaps, of both. There is, however, a wide distinction in the two cases. The sublime services of the church, so justly esteemed for their beauty of expression, simplicity of style, and the strains of fervent piety which pervade them, were, at all times, performed with excellent effect. To a sense of deep-souled piety was added a fervency of spirit, which a voice, sweet, melodious and commanding, only seemed to give utterance; besides the sombre appearance of the place, the beautifully stained glass, admitting only as much light as was necessary, and the deep solemnity which sat on every brow, the interesting nature of the services themselves, could scarcely fail of inspiring all who witnessed them with suitable reflections, and as was often the case, of melting down the most obdurate at the recollection of past ingratitude, of often violated promises, and disregard of the monitions of conscience. The congregation

once seated after the usual private devotions, all conversation seemed by common consent to terminate: the intervening time between this and the deep peal of the organ, which denoted the entry of the priest, and the commencement of service, was usually filled up in preparation for the offices of the day; and it is here worthy of remark, that that unsightly and irreverent practice of constantly gazing about on every trifling occasion was entirely unknown—a practice now-a-days so common, and so illy calculated to prepare the mind and affections for an interview with the King of Saints. Mr. L—— universally opened the services with the words, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." This was generally admired; nothing could be more appropriate, especially when read with the proper emphasis. It is not my design to trouble the reader with an extended commentary on the services of the church and mode of performance by our reverend friend; this I will leave to his own imagination, from which he can form, perhaps, as just an idea as I could hope to effect with the pen.

The Rev. Mr. L——, as has before been intimated, was peculiarly devoted to youth, and, acting on the well known, but too often forgotten or neglected principle, that "preventive is better than cure," he sought occasion, at every opportunity, to instil into the minds of his youthful hearers, the principles of truth and holiness, so that the seed thus early planted may at some auspicious period, spring up, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness and peace. Every week, (in furtherance of this object) found him associated with the little flock, who felt just as much delight and anxious solicitude for each returning Wednesday, as he did, and who gathering around their faithful friend, as he discoursed of heavenly things in language mild and sweet, and pointed the yet unformed mind in love and hope, to that great Being who once took little children in his arms and that to bless them. He esteemed it as great a privilege to feed the little lambs with milk, as in administering the stronger food to the full-grown man. To see the Christian minister thus engaged, is one of the most pleasing and gratifying spectacles,

on which the visual sense can rest. Long before the time, to see the little ones congregating about the place, to learn lessons of wisdom and piety, and prepare them for the future trials and difficulties of life, of which they are so unconscious as well as for the anticipated joys of that eternal city, whose maker and builder is God, was indeed a pleasing sight. As soon as the Rev. Mr. L—— made his appearance, every countenance lighted up and beamed with joy, and ere he could make his way, (being pressed on every hand by the kind salutation and caresses of his little innocents,) he would be obliged to take each by the hand, as a token of his affectionate and continued regard. When arrived at the sacred altar, all was still, "and now my dear children" as was his usual phrase, he would observe, "how happy I feel to be permitted to meet you all once more, and I am pleased to observe by your kind greetings, that it is reciprocal, and that I seem to be as welcome to you as ever; come then, if you wish to manifest your love for me, I hope you will be good children, listen attentively to what I shall say to you this day—and now to your seats." The words were no sooner uttered than obeyed.

When thus we find the youthful band,
Encircling him on every hand:
The well known chair receives its guest,
His voice ascends, and all are blest.

A mind such as Mr. L—— possessed, could not fail of justly appreciating these weekly exercises, and I have often heard him say that they were among the most interesting of his duties, that he was not surprised at their early introduction into the church, the scrupulous regard which had been paid to them by the venerated Fathers of antiquity, the fidelity with which they had been performed at all times, and which was of themselves a sufficient reason for their continuance. That if no other advantage was to be derived than that of bringing the pastor into daily intercourse with the children of his Parish, and being made acquainted with the state and condition of each, rendered it almost indispensable. It was impossible otherwise, to become acquainted with the wants and dispositions, the anxieties and cares of each young

immortal. The Sunday school, however powerful as a means of grace, could not effect *this*, for it was impossible for a minister with his other duties on the Sabbath, to make his visits *there*, sufficiently long to effect this object, no individual could supply the place of the devoted Pastor, it was not often teachers could be found either sufficiently interested or instructed, to impart a knowledge of divine things in such language as to make them interesting to a child, to accomplish which the mind must be either lifted up to comprehend them, or they brought down to the level of the mind, the latter was the most feasible and rational, and faithfully did he do this.

Memory delights to dwell on the scenes of by-gone days, and what can form a more pleasing reminiscence, than the innocent and virtuous employments of youth, especially those in which we have been ourselves engaged, and when separated from them, by an immeasurable distance of time and space,

"When far from them we love,
We feel how much we love them,
And pray each gentle Saint above,
To spread their wings above them,"

How do we cling to the scenes of early life and cherish their remembrance, their unalloyed gratifications, and pleasing associations? How do we delight to think and talk of early friends, of our innocent pastimes, and our youthful pleasures? And when after the lapse of years we *revisit*, (in obedience to the dictates of nature) the hallowed spot, where first we breathed the breath of life, how are our sensibilities waked up as if from a dream, to an unavailable reality? How eagerly do we seek the paternal mansion in anticipation of ten thousand joys, which we never will realize. O! with what emotions will we go in pursuit of one long lost friend; survey the old building, ere we enter its walls, fearing we may be mistaken in its identity, and with trembling steps dreading to enter, in heartless anxiety we ask, if such a one lives here. *Thus* we go from house to house, and place to place, in pursuit of those we once esteemed and loved. *Here* we find that death has been busy, and *there* we behold an individual, whom, when last we saw, was like the blooming rose of spring, shooting up in all its varied

beauty, now changed! yea greatly changed, by the hand of time, ready to fall beneath the autumnal blast. At length, we find, perhaps, a tender father, or a doting mother, they look upon their long lost son, and know him not.

He speaks the voice they think they know—it seems familiar to the ear, and at length surveying the stranger with a ken, which none but a parent has, they exclaim, in an ecstasy of feeling which cannot be described, “it is my child! my own dear child!” and thus they fall prostrate in the embrace, for joy that, this their son that was lost is found, and that they have once more the happiness to behold him the object of their highest love. Or it may be a tender sister, who would fly into his arms, and imprint upon his cheek a thousand tokens of her love. But after all this pleasing greeting, how changed the scene again. Where the ancient elm, the tall and spreading oak, under whose shade he had often reclined to rest his wearied limbs, and fallen asleep in all the ease and carelessness of youthful innocence? Where the running stream which afforded so many pleasures—on whose banks he so intensely watched the rippling waters, and with the gilded fly, beguiled the finny tribe, and o’er whose surface he had skipped along in all the buoyancy of youthful pleasure?

And where is our good old doctor, too, with grave and silent aspect. In short, where are the friends with whom we spent our youthful days? Alas! they’re gone—the ravages of time are visible every where, and the stranger at home begins to think that there is more pain in his short sojourn, than pleasure, and seems only desirous of retiring from a scene any thing but pleasing—a fit emblem this of himself, and of the world he inhabits—all, all is changed, and he is led to exclaim—“vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” But where is our good old friend the Rev. Mr. L——, the reader surely cannot think that I could have forgotten so kind a friend? No. Then let me tell him. He sleeps in yonder place the sleep of death—with this inscription on his tomb—“The memory of the just shall live forever.” The sepulchre is exceedingly neat and appropriate. It consists of a marble slab or altar, supported by six fluted pillars, in imitation

of the one, at which he daily ministered. On one side there is a full length likeness of himself in marble, in the attitude of prayer, and attended with ministering spirits, bearing aloft his petitions to the courts above—the opposite is frequently occupied by pious individuals for the purposes of devotional exercises, the object is doubtless to beget a seriousness of thought which the place and its associations are so well calculated to inspire. The whole is beautifully executed, and enclosed with an iron railing—the small gate in front is left constantly on the latch, through which the numerous and daily visitors have free ingress and egress, to gratify their pious regard for the memory of one whose grave they occasionally visit. The spot was selected by Mr. L. himself, and from its locality, appears as if it was intended to be somewhat concealed from the curious visitor, while the devoted friend would feel but little difficulty in repairing thither. In my solicitude to pay the only tribute to him, so long cherished in my affections, I arrived at the place just as the sun began to sink beneath the western horizon—a fit emblem thought I, of our departed friend, more glorious in his evening declination, than when arrayed in all his noon-day splendor, though he dazzled less, yet his hidden virtues became more radiant. Arrived at length at the outer gate of the cemetery, I passed in and though familiar as was once every part, I soon found it, too, had undergone many changes, and I knew not whither to turn my steps. The shades of evening were by this time shutting out the light of day and almost despairing of attaining my object, I stood still for a few moments in a kind of quandary, not knowing what to do, when a voice in tones, deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice poured forth its hymns in ecstasy to heaven, came floating on the breeze, and met my ear, being at the time in a somewhat pensive mood, reflecting on the events of life, the termination of all our earthly joys and highest hopes,

“Around me stretched the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chilled mine heart with fear.

Death's various shrines, the urn, the stove, the lamp,

Were scattered round, confused, amid the dead :
Symbols and types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning, and their meaning fled."

I started back, as if alarmed at the sound, but soon recovering myself, I went in the direction from whence it issued, and perceived a female under apparently a similar state of feeling, kneeling on the vacant side of the sepulchre with hands and eyes uplifted, pouring out her soul in prayer to heaven. In her devotedness, she rather outstaid her time, and dimly perceiving through the openings of the willow and the cypress, which were around the sacred spot, the presence of a stranger, she rose and looked around. Though at a distance perceiving an evident trepidation on the part of the devoted female, I was determined at once to speak, and make known the object of my visit. To relieve her from all apprehension, I asked if she could point me to the grave where the Rev. Mr. L. was laid? "Yes sir," said she, and immediately added, "and did you know the Rev. Mr. L., for I perceive you are a stranger, or you could not possibly but know the place?" I replied that when a boy, I knew him well, and was one of those whom he so much delighted to instruct, that to him I was first indebted for lessons of heavenly wisdom, and a knowledge of religion, and that I had left my own—my native land, at a very early period of life, with my family who emigrated to the western world, yet I could never forget the early impressions which this man of God

made upon my heart, and which had followed me to this hour of my existence, that I could not think, on revisiting my home, to return from thence, without paying the last act of affection which alone remained in my power, that of dropping a tear over the grave of my departed friend. The emotions of my heart were now full as might be imagined, and being unable to suppress them longer, I gave vent to my feelings, and found the tear of sympathy bedew my cheek, for the first time for many years. A pause for some moments now ensued, when we were joined by the brother of our yet unknown friend, who, as soon as he appeared, cast off her previous reserve, and only seemed desirous of engaging in conversation with me regarding all Mr. L.'s friends, as hers. After viewing the tomb, as well as the light would permit, and promising to repair thither again, we retraced our steps, and soon became familiar friends. I accepted an invitation to spend the evening with Mr. Ruggles, the father of our young friends, who seemed just as well pleased to entertain me, as I was in being their guest. I soon found that the apparent stranger was soon in the midst of friends better acquainted with his family's history than himself. The first topic of conversation after the usual formalities were ended, was in reference to Mr. L., whom I learned, died only about three months since, full of years and of honors, more lasting than the hills—more durable than the adamant rock, for in the language of the Epitaph—"The memory of the just shall live forever."

Original.

THE MAID OF CAROL HALL.

BY P. ROMAN STECK.

Oh! I remember well the hour
When first I gave my heart to thee;
When every bush, and every flower,
Served but to waken memory:
I loved thee once, and once for all,
Thou gentle maid of Carol Hall.

Where softly flows the silver stream
Around the wood-bine's tangled grove,
I meet thee in my midnight dream,

Thou object of my early love:
I love thy face, thy form, thy all,
Thou gentle maid of Carol Hall.

Where verdant waves the walnut grove,
Where summer breezes softly sigh,
I long to roam with thee, my love,
And list to nature's lullaby:

I'll love thee till the sky shall fall,
Thou gentle maid of Carol Hall.

Original.

THE DEATH OF CORNSTALK.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

It was the close of a bright day in the summer of '77; the sun, which had been pouring down his rays with such an intensity of heat, that the wild flowers of the prairie drooped and bent down, as if to hide their heads from his withering influence, was sinking into the verge of an ominous black cloud, which had just commenced to climb the western horizon. There was an air of laziness about the Shawnee camp, which was pitched upon the spot on which now stands the flourishing town of Chillicothe. The dispirited band of warriors, that had escaped with whole scalps from the bloody and well-fought battle of Point Pleasant, were stretched here and there beneath the giant trees which spread their wide branches above their temporary lodges—some enjoying an uneasy slumber, others brooding, with savage sorrow, upon their sad defeat. It was like some fearful scene of enchantment—the sinewy frames of those tawny red-men, reclining as motionless as images of stone, in the shadows of evening, with revengeful desperation pictured on each grim and contorted visage; and could any one of our unromantic times behold such a sight, he would believe it unreal—the illusion of an overwrought imagination.

At some distance from the camp, a single warrior, the only being who showed any signs of life, was tramping with restless step, to and fro, along the even margin of a small stream. He was a tall, swarthy figure, with limbs of Herculean mould; a form straight and erect; and majestic step and bearing. His countenance was out of the usual order of Indian feature—there was something of refinement and intelligence in it, devoid of that barbarous, blood-thirsty unmeaningness, which was generally found in the faces of the primitive owners of our soil. His head, too, instead of falling back from the eyes, like those of his red brethren, and displaying a large mass of animal organs behind, was well balanced and prominent before, with a tolerable development of the reasoning and intellectual faculties, especially of benevolence. This was Cornstalk, the greatest of the Shawnee war-chiefs, and the bravest and most talented Indian of his time.

The chief was agitated and restless, so much so that he had walked himself into a perspiration, and ever and anon he would pass his broad hand across his eyes, as if to shut out some unpleasant vision, or to shield his face from the oppressive heat of the sultry atmosphere. The cloud behind which the sun had retired, was spreading over the face of the sky, and the first faint growl of the thunder fell upon the ear of the chief like the noise of a far off battle. He halted and cast his eyes upwards. A very slight stir amongst the leaves upon the trees around him was perceptible. He lifted his hand to catch the first breath of air that might be stirring and presently the breeze came swelling along, rushing against his fevered brow with delightful coolness, then gently waving the greenwood branches, it died away down the deep forrest with a sullen melancholy moan.

Cornstalk was still standing with his eyes fixed upon the coming storm, when the graceful form of an Indian youth, who, from his disordered appearance, seemed just to have returned from a journey, approached unperceived from behind, and laid his hand softly upon the chief's arm.

"Why stands my father here, and why sleep his warriors when the Long Knives* are upon his track—they come from the rising sun, and from the setting sun, like hungry wolves upon the scent of a wounded deer."

"How many are the Long Knives?" asked the chief calmly, while his countenance betrayed not the least symptom of alarm.

"Can my father count its leaves?" returned the youth, striking his hand against the trunk of a small oak.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Cornstalk, as he gazed a moment upon the leafy branches that swayed to and fro in the rising breeze—then turning upon his heel, he hastened towards the camp. The youth sought the wigwam of a sunny-eyed maiden, his betrothed Mahattoo, to listen to the music of her voice till the storm, which just then began to pour down with violence, should end.

* The early settlers of Virginia were designated, by the Indians, Long Knives.

The rain had ceased, but the lightning continued to stream along the sky, in vivid and frequent flashes. A large fire blazed near the camp, around which the Shawnee warriors were assembled in council, and in the midst of the circle stood conspicuous the painted war post, like some ancient idol surrounded by its heathen worshippers. After they had sat some time in stern and solemn silence, Cornstalk rose and addressed his people.

"The Great Spirit came to Cornstalk, in a dream, and told him to make peace with his white brethren. I told my warriors what the Great Spirit said, but they stopped their ears. They crossed the big stream to fight the Long Knives. Then they were like the grass of the prairie. Now how many are left?" and the chief looked around upon his thinned and silent band. "Where are the young Shawnee warriors that went forth with us? The wolf is feeding on their flesh, and their bones will bleach in the sun. What shall we do now? The Long Knives are coming upon us by two tracks—will my warriors stand and fight them?"

He paused, but no one answered.

"Shall we kill our squaws and children, and then fight till we are killed ourselves?"

Still there was no reply.

"Then I will go and make peace!" exclaimed the chief as he struck his tomahawk into the war-post. A swarthy warrior then arose, and said, "Cornstalk is a great warrior and a great brave. He speaks well. Let him go make peace with the Long Knives;" and he, also, buried his tomahawk in the war-post. The other warriors followed his example and the council broke up.

The next morning Cornstalk and Red Hawk, the principal chiefs of the Shawnee tribe, repaired to the fort at Point Pleasant, to make a treaty of peace. A consultation was immediately held by the officers of that place, in which it was deemed expedient to detain the chiefs as hostages for the good conduct of the tribe. To this unfair movement Red Hawk was not at first disposed to submit, but upon witnessing the heroic resignation of Cornstalk he yielded quietly.

A few days passed, and Eagle-eye, the son of

Cornstalk, was married to the young and lovely Mahattoo, the fairest of the Shawnee maidens. He was happy; but soon a sadness settled upon his brow that not even the smiles of his young wife could dispel—it was fear for his father's safety; and at length he determined to journey to Point Pleasant in search of him. Accordingly he set out accompanied by his wife. The third day dawned before they reached the banks of the Ohio, whose broad waters rolled along in silent majesty. They crossed the river in a small canoe, and Eagle-eye leaving the little vessel in charge of his wife, bade her wait his return. He then proceeded to the fort, where he was admitted and conducted to his father's presence.

Cornstalk was sitting alone in the little lodge which had been assigned to his use, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When Eagle-eye entered he sprang up, with an exclamation of surprise and distress; caught him in his arms, held him a moment to his heart, and then pushing him away, sternly bade him return to his tribe and live in peace with the Long Knives.

"Has Eagle-eye offended his father?" asked the youth.

"No! Eagle-eye is a good son—but go!" returned the father, motioning him away. With sorrowful step the youth prepared to obey, but oh! shame! the Long Knives with a treachery which even the savage red-man would have blushed at, refused to let him depart, and drove him back to share his father's captivity.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the chief, as Eagle-eye was roughly thrust into the apartment by the soldiers of the fort; and then both father and son, maintained a rigid, painful silence. At length the old man rose, and approaching the youth, gazed upon him with an expression of paternal tenderness. A big tear drop rolled down his furrowed cheek—it was the first that had ever shamed the face of that sturdy chief, and he brushed it hastily away, lest Eagle-eye should witness his father's weakness. A haggard smile passed across his features, and then with as much calmness as if no struggle had been going on in his breast he spoke.

"My son, the Great Spirit is angry with

his people—it is vain to resist, we must die.”

The youth started, and the father detected a slight expression of fear upon his countenance. “Does the son of a Shawnee warrior fear to die?—will he be a woman?” iterated he. The son felt the reproof—he sprang to his feet, and placing his tomahawk in his father’s hands, he said, “Eagle-eye is no coward—he will show his father how a Shawnee brave can die. Let him strike;” and he placed his finger upon his forehead, to indicate the spot where his father might bury his tomahawk.

“Ugh! Eagle-eye is no coward—he will die with his father like a warrior,” exclaimed the old chief, as he grasped the youth’s hand. “The Great Spirit came last night in a dream to Cornstalk, and told him that before the next sun went down behind the hills, he and Eagle-eye should go to the happy hunting ground, in the spirit-land.”

He had scarcely finished the sentence before a din of voices was heard without, which came nearer and nearer, until the words could be clearly distinguished by the unfortunate captives.

“Stand back, Captain Arbuckle; we will have blood for blood;” shouted several men.

“Listen to reason, my men;” replied the Captain. “Will ye kill the poor, innocent hostages merely because one of the same color with them, has murdered Gilmore. Obey my commands and disperse, or you shall all be gibbeted for traitors, I say—will ye go to your duty?”

“Out of the way, Captain Arbuckle, out of the way, or we will fire upon you,” shouted

the fractious soldiers again. The Captain was compelled to yield to the will of the desperadoes. Meantime the heroic Cornstalk, who heard what was passing, had drawn up his tall form in front of his apartment, and was looking upon his worse than savage executioners, with a smile of proud contempt. A dozen muskets were levelled and fired, and the great war-chief of the Shawnees fell, pierced by a dozen bullets. Eagle-eye looked upon the mangled, bleeding body of his father, and turning with a shrill-whoop, hurled his tomahawk among the murderers. The act sealed his doom, and in another moment he lay a corpse beside his father. Nor did the inhuman butchers pause in the work until the remaining hostage, Red Hawk, was despatched and the reeking scalps torn from the heads of all three. Thus was perpetrated one of the foulest murders that ever was committed by civilized white men, or that ever stained the annals of crime.

The next day a party of the murderers who were passing down the Ohio, came suddenly upon Mahattoo who was still patiently waiting the return of her husband. Her quick eye at once recognized, in the bloody trophy that one of them carried, her husband’s scalp. Uttering a scream of distress, she jumped into her canoe and shoved off into the middle of the stream, where she turned, and in the agony of her soul cursed the murderers. One of them raised his musket and fired. The ball passed her harmless, and with a wild laugh of defiance, she plunged into the waves—Mahattoo was gone to join Eagle-eye on the happy hunting ground. J. A. S.

Original.

TO A LADY,

ON HEARING HER SING “AULD LANG SYNE.”

The memory of my early joys
Is gilded with thy name,
And now, tho’ tedious years have fled,
I find thee still the same:
The same sweet tones that charmed my ear
Breathe out their music now.
Thine is the same enchanting smile,
And high untroubled brow.
The same! nay thou art *not* the same,
For time hath wrought a change
That wakens in this foolish heart
Emotions sad and strange,

I cannot greet thee now, as when
We wandered side by side,
Thro’ many a green and shady glen—
Thou art another’s bride!

I must not cherish thoughts that stir
This widowed heart of mine,
Then wherefore wouldst thou bid me dream
Of “days of auld lang syne:”
Nay—let the past be all forgot;
Oblivion thus may lend
The power to recompense thy loss,
And make thee still—my friend!

Original.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A CLASS-MATE.

IN 1829, the Freshman class that entered Boudoin College, numbered rising thirty.—Among this number was Henry Rand, of Portland, whose career on earth, though short, was full of interest. Of his parentage and childhood, I know little. He was about nineteen when he entered college, he did not join the class at the first of the term, but did in a few weeks. One day while walking near the college building, I observed a new face—a young student whose feeble steps, and slightly deformed figure, as he walked with a cane, drew my attention. As his mild blue eye full of expression, met my pair of hazels, a mutual glance seemed to produce mutual pleasure. From that moment to the day of his death, we became class-mates and friends. This person was Henry Rand, who, amidst poverty, toil and pain, had by the vital energy of his superior mind, so far educated himself as to become well prepared for college. He had been for a long time affected with a dropsical disease, and during the first few months of our freshman year, it was apparent to every observing eye, that his bodily frame was incapable of bearing with impunity, the mental labor to which his love of knowledge impeiled him. He often visited my room, and we spent many delightful hours in conversation. His colloquial powers were characterized by ease and fluency of speech, a polished, classical style, and a well cultivated imagination. I must not forget to mention that he was so highly esteemed in the city of Portland, that several distinguished citizens of Maine generously proffered their aid to help him to obtain the object of his wishes, a good education. Among the number of his patrons were the Hon. Wm. Pitt Preble, of Portland, and Professor Henry W. Longfellow, then of Boudoin College. Rand sustained himself well in his class, till the last term of the year. He was then ill for a day or two, and changed his lodgings, that he might be more retired from noise and bustle, than the room in college afforded. On finding him more than usually indisposed, I took an early opportunity of calling on him with another class-mate. We

found him composed and cheerful, as usual; and though he evidently rallied his powers to appear as well as possible, he was obliged in a short time to apologize for his inability to converse as much as he wished, and begged us to excuse him. On our inquiring after his health and what we could do for his comfort, he made the best of it, and thought he would soon be well again. The result proved that he was much nearer the close of life than he seemed to feel, or we anticipated. I suggested to him the necessity of having some one remain with him that night. I suppose that he would not have asked any one or have made the request, but would probably have continued to suffer alone, a lamb-like martyr to the slowly consuming disease, which had nearly extinguished the last particle of vitality, in his bodily frame. And, oh! what incontestible evidence did that night give, which I spent with him and his few remaining hours, of the immortality of the soul,—that priceless jewel, the emanation of divinity. I think I was with him on Tuesday night; he lingered till the next night, and breathed out his spirit, repeating a favorite Latin ode, demonstrating the power of “the ruling passion strong in death.” He was a firm believer in the doctrines of our holy christianity. A post mortem examination was made on his body, when it was found that his whole vital organs had wasted away, a large quantity of dropsical fluid was found, and wonder was expressed by the operators how he could have existed so long, while all admired the lion-hearted fortitude which he manifested to the last. The morning after his death, at the close of the recitation with Professor Jackard, he made some remarks to the class on the death of our friend, timely, eloquent and feeling. They were listened to with deep attention, by us all.

The occasion of his funeral was solemn and highly interesting. President Allen delivered a discourse on the occasion, full of that social pathos, and chastened Christian feeling, which constitute the charm and power of his pulpit eloquence. A large concourse of people met on the occasion, to pay the college faculty,

and students, in following to the grave the more than orphan student, (for no father, mother, brother, sister or other relative joined in the solemn train)—the young martyr scholar, whose noble mind, encased in a so frail a tenement, swelled to its bursting, and soared away to its eternal home—to the God who made it; there to receive at the hand of infinite truth, justice and mercy, the sentence of its eternal destiny. S.

Original.

THE BOY OF THE MILL.

BY C. C. COX.

I know a boy who rides along, Our neighbor's road: And never do you meet that boy Without his load; A rusty bag each side askew An old grey hack, With close-cropped mane and snubby tail. And bony back.	So soon as he had learned to ride, He went to mill— And from the barn-yard to the mill He rideth still; A picture grown, that horse and boy In every weather, Come jogging o'er the same old road, In peace together.
The horse is one score years and ten, (The rustics say;) The boy was just ten years of age The other day,— And strung astride that stalwart beast,— But three feet five. They form the strangest-looking group You've seen alive.	But though he dream not of a world Beyond his own— Though all his fare be crust of bread, Or famished bone; Though only one poor ragged suit His wardrobe hath, And nought disturbs the changeless mien Which marks his path—
Our mill boy wears a hat, the same He always wore, Three ventilating rents behind, And one before; The coat is knit, with many a patch, Against the breeze; The pantaloons (not made for him) Just reach his knees.	Turn not aside thy head in scorn; Nor be forgot That boy, whate'er his mission, hath A human lot: Within that heart shall wake the springs That move thy breast, And he like thee, when life is o'er, Shall take his rest.

EARLY TIMES IN VIRGINIA.

WE have in our possession a singular volume, entitled "History of the Valley of Virginia," which was published some years ago, but which, we believe, obtained only a very small circulation, through few counties in the author's own immediate neighborhood. The work consists principally of a series of legends and traditions connected with the settlement of the Valley, and descriptive of the customs and character of the sturdy band of settlers who first laid the axe to the oaks of the mighty forests, which once covered the fair western domain of the Old Dominion.—There is much of interesting information in its pages, and a few extracts, which, we think, will

be entirely new to most of our readers, cannot fail to afford satisfaction.—Ed.

HOUSE FURNITURE AND DIET.

THE following history of the poverty, labors, sufferings, manners and customs, of our forefathers, will appear like a collection of "tales of olden times," without any garnish of language to spoil the original portraits, by giving them shades of coloring which they did not possess.

I shall follow the order of things as they occurred during the period of time embraced in these narratives, beginning with those rude ac-

commodations with which our first adventurers into this country furnished themselves at the commencement of their establishments. It will be a homely narrative, yet valuable on the ground of its being real history.

If my reader, when viewing, through the medium which I here present, the sufferings of human nature in one of its most depressed and dangerous conditions, should drop an involuntary tear, let him not blame me for the sentiment of sympathy which he feels. On the contrary, if he should sometimes meet with a recital calculated to excite a smile or a laugh, I claim no credit for his enjoyment. It is the subject matter of the history, and not the historian, which makes those widely different impressions on the mind of the reader.

In this chapter it is my design to give a brief account of the household furniture and articles of diet which were used by the first inhabitants of our country. A description of their cabins and half-faced camps, and their manner of building them, will be found elsewhere.

The furniture for the table, for several years after the settlement of this country, consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons, but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. If these last were scarce, gourds and hard-shelled squashes made up the deficiency.

The iron pots, knives and forks, were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with the salt and iron, on pack-horses.

These articles of furniture corresponded very well with the articles of diet on which they were employed. "Hog and hommony" were proverbial for the dish of which they were the component parts. Journeycake and pone were, at the outset of the settlements of the country, the only forms of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush were the standard dish. When milk was not plenty, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity of cattle or the want of proper pasture for them, the substantial dish of hommony had to supply the place of them. Mush was frequently eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bear's oil, or the gravy of fried meat.

Every family, besides a little garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had ano-

ther small enclosure containing about half an acre, which they called a "truck-patch," in which they raised corn for roasting-ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison and bear meat, for dinner, and made very wholesome and well tasted dishes. The standard dinner dish for every log-rolling, house-raising and harvest-day, was a pot-pie, or what in other countries is called "sea-pie." This, besides answering for dinner, served for a part of the supper also, —the remainder of it from dinner being eaten with milk in the evening, after the conclusion of the labor of the day.

In our whole display of furniture, the delf, china, and silver were unknown. It did not then, as now, require contributions from the four quarters of the globe to furnish the breakfast table, viz. the silver from Mexico, the coffee from the West Indies, the tea from China, and the delf and porcelain from Europe or Asia. Yet our homely fare, and unsightly cabins and furniture, produced a hardy, veteran race, who planted the first footsteps of society and civilization in the immense regions of the west.—Inured to hardihood, bravery and labor, from their early youth, they sustained with manly fortitude the fatigue of the chase, the campaign and scout, and with strong arms "turned the wilderness into fruitful fields," and have left to their descendants the rich inheritance of an immense empire blessed with peace and wealth.

I well recollect the first time I ever saw a tea-cup and saucer, and tasted coffee. My mother died when I was about six or seven years old, and my father then sent me to Maryland with a brother of my grandfather, Mr. Alexander Wells, to school.

At Col. Brown's, in the mountains, (at Stony creek glades,) I for the first time saw tame geese; and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating by his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong should be so much tamer than the wild turkeys. At this place, however, all was right, excepting the large birds which they called geese. The cabin and its furniture were such as I had been accustomed

to see in the backwoods, as my country was then called!

At Bedford every thing was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up was a stone house, and to make the change more complete, it was plastered in the inside both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room, I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world which was not built of logs; but here I looked round the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joists; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it.

When supper came on, "my confusion was worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish looking stuff in it, which was neither milk, hommony nor broth. What to do with these little cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them.

It was in the time of the war, and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging the tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred. This word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered its meaning, was much terrified, and supposed that we were in danger of the fate of the tories; for I thought, as we had come from the backwoods, it was altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively to see what the big folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life; I continued to drink, as the rest of the company did, with the tears streaming from my eyes, but when it was to end I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup bottom upwards and put his little spoon across it; I observed that after this his cup was not filled again; I followed his exam-

ple, and to my great satisfaction, the result as to my cup was the same.

The introduction of delf ware was considered by many of the backwoods people as a culpable innovation. It was too easily broken, and the plates of that ware dulled their scalping and clasp knives; tea ware was too small for *men*, but might do for women and children. Tea and coffee were only slops, which in the adage of the day, "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was, they were designed only for people of quality, who do not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for those slops. Indeed, many of them have to this day very little respect for them.

DRESS.

On the frontiers, and particularly amongst those who were much in the habit of hunting, and going on scouts and campaigns, the dress of the men was partly Indian and partly that of civilized nations.

The hunting shirt was universally worn. This was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large, and sometimes handsomely fringed with a raveled piece of cloth of a different color from that of the hunting shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, jerk, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or warrior. The belt, which was all ways tied behind, answered for several purposes besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather the mittens, and sometimes the bullet-bag, occupied the front part of it; to the right side was suspended the tomahawk, and to the left the scalping knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting shirt was generally made of linsey, sometimes of coarse linen, and a few of dressed deer skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches, and leggins, were the dress of the thighs and legs. A pair of moccasins answered for the feet much better than shoes. These were

made of dressed deer skin. They were mostly made of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel, with gaiters as high as the ankle joint or a little higher. Flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the leg by thongs of deer skin, so that no dust, gravel or snow, could get within the moccason.

The moccasons in ordinary use cost but a few hours labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccason awl, which was made of the back spring of an old clasp knife. This awl, with its buckhorn handle, was an appendage of every shot pouch strap, together with a roll of buckskin for mending the moccasons. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together and patched with deer skin thongs, or whangs as they are commonly called.

In cold weather the moccasons were well stuffed with deer's hair or dry leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather it was usually said that wearing them was "a decent way of going barefooted;" and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather of which they were made.

Owing to this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circumstance, the greater number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with the rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in wet or cold weather, and therefore always slept with their feet to the fire to prevent or cure it as well as they could. This practice unquestionably had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming confirmed cripples in early life.

In the latter years of the Indian war our young men became more enamored of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the match coat. The drawers were laid aside and the leggins made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth nearly a yard long, and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps, hanging before and behind over the belt.

These belts were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech clout, strings, which supported the long leggins, were attached. When this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting shirt, the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked.

The young warrior, instead of being abashed by this nudity, was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance however did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies.

The linsey petticoat and bed gown, which were the universal dress of our women in early times, would make a strange figure in our days. A small homemade handkerchief, in point of elegance, would illy supply the place of that profusion of ruffles with which the necks of our ladies are now ornamented.

They went barefooted in warm weather, and in cold their feet were covered with moccasons, coarse shoes or shoepacks, which would make but a sorry figure beside the elegant morocco slippers often embossed with bullion, which at present ornament the feet of their daughters and grand-daughters.

The coats and bed gowns of the women, as well as the hunting shirts of the men, were hung in full display on wooden pegs around the walls of their cabins, so that while they answered in some degree the place of paper hangings or tapestry, they announced to the stranger as well as neighbor the wealth or poverty of the family in the articles of clothing. This practice has not yet been wholly laid aside amongst the back-woods families.

The historian would say to the ladies of the present time, Our ancestors of your sex knew nothing of the ruffles, leghorns, curls, combs, rings, and other jewels with which their fair daughters now decorate themselves. Such things were not then to be had. Many of the younger part of them were pretty well grown up before they ever saw the inside of a store room, or even knew there was such a thing in the world, unless by hearsay, and indeed scarcely that.

Instead of the toilet, they had to handle the

distaff or shuttle, the sickle or weeding hoe, clothing and cover their heads with a sun bonnet made of six or seven hundred linen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

WE present our first number to the public, under the most cheering auspices, so far as public patronage is concerned, and under very unpleasant circumstances, so far as regards *our* part of the enterprise. In the proposals for this work, we expressed our confident belief that it would meet with every encouragement—that the Monumental liberality which was boasted of in days of yore, was not all departed; and we were told by persons who presumed to know something about such matters, that such an opinion argued not much for our judgment; but it is a source of no little gratification to find that the opinion then formed, a few weeks have proved to be perfectly correct, for it may, without hazard, be asserted that the Budget commences with a larger number of subscribers, than any Magazine has ever been started with in this city. So much for public patronage.

As to our part of the enterprise, the design of publishing the Magazine, was taken up at so late a day, that in the hurry to bring it forth with the new year, we have not had time to do ourselves that justice we had wished. And yet numerous as were the disadvantages necessarily encountered in putting the design into execution, we flatter ourselves, that this number will receive the fullest approbation of its readers.

It is very fashionable now-a-days, among projectors of new enterprises, to "put the best foot foremost"—that is, to concentrate all their force upon a *dashing* specimen, so that the sample is generally the sum and substance of the bargain. But we do not approve of every fashion, and, therefore, have not followed this. It is a most true saying, that those who begin the race with too much speed are apt to tire ere it ends; and consequently, we have made a sober beginning, with the determination to sustain fully, the character of the work throughout; and by steady application and perseverance, constantly to improve it, both in matter and appearance. The list of distinguished contributors, whose effusions compose the interest of this number, is proof positive, that Baltimore writers are ready and

willing to labor for their city's literary fame, and to them our sincerest thanks are due.

The new year dawns brightly upon our land. The wild tornado of party strife, which swept, with such a paralyzing influence, through the country, has subsided to a tranquil calm; business is going on again in its wanted course; institutions are springing up; arts are thriving, and men once more have leisure to turn their attention to the culture of science. In the absence of political excitement, *something* is requisite to entertain and enliven their minds; and they seek for that something in the flowery walks of literature—in the light and airy creations of fancy, or in the more solid and improving attainments of knowledge. Truly, we may say that the new year commences, fraught with bright hopes and pleasant prospects. And may those hopes never be blighted nor those prospects blasted; but, like the planted grain, which is cherished by the snows of winter, may they bloom in the spring, and, in the summer, bear fruit that the autumn will ripen into the fulness of joy.

LITERARY REVIEW.

POEMS BY J. N. MCJILTON: *Boston—Otis Broaders, & Co: Baltimore—Cushing and Brothers.* The press, throughout the country, has so universally awarded the meed of praise to this beautiful production, that we scarce know how to fashion another compliment. If we look at it unopened, our eye is pleased with the neatness and taste displayed by the binder. If we glance over its pages, we are still more struck with the beauty of its typographical execution, and if we peruse the gems of poetry of which it is composed, we find that while there is every thing in its outward appearance to take the eye, it lacks not within wherewith to fascinate the mind.

There is something soft and impressive in most of the poems, which enters at once into the reader's heart, awakening tender feelings and sweet reflections, or imparting the soothing whisper of consolation to affliction; and some of the lines upon youth and childhood are especial-

*but My own stand the record
 that spirit's own power
 as my throwing the first stone
 the little must know that the will
 and so on my own will*

ly excellent, recalling young affections, childish associations and childish delights, and conjuring up before memory's vision the halcyon days of paper hats and wooden swords. There is much of pure, high-toned sentiment in some of the pieces, and the truly nice feeling which pervades the whole shows that they are, as the writer observes in his preface, the "offsprings of the heart." Some of the effusions, too, are not without humor—inoffensive, pleasant humor, unmingled with any bitter or hurtful sarcasm; for instance, the lines "To a Musquito," the first stanza of which runs thus,

"Begone you starveling, ill-starred creature,
So lank of limb and quaint of feature,
You luckless, witless, foolish thing!
How dare you enter one's upstairs,
And get upon his ears to sing?
And whether he's at books or prayers
You come with your eternal song
Whu-u-u-whut, and who can read,
Or pray with any kind of speed?
You spider-legged imp, go long!"

Or the following:

"Let other lands their princes boast,
And ancient honors claim;
The beauties of the South I'll toast,
And hand them on to fame.
The soft savannas of their home,
And lakes like mirror-glasses,
Are places for gazelles to roam,
And shadow Southern lasses.

We dare the world and *Yankee land*,
For creatures fair as they;
Like sea nymphs on our shores they stand,
The hearts of men to sway.
Nor can Italia's mountains show,
Nor vales to Spain's morasses—
Such charming little things I know,
As lovely Southern lasses."

"Yo heave!" is a "gem of the first water;" there is something particularly pleasing in its careless strain and wild simplicity, and an extract will not be out of place:

"And when the storm would sweep across
Old Ocean's bosom blue,—
Tear up the foam, the wild waves toss,
And fright the gallant crew—
Swinging aloft, the deck I'd leave,
And o'er the tempest shout "yo heave!"
Yo heave! I'd sing,
To th' tackling cling—
I vow I'd sooner ride
That reckless storm,
Than snug and warm,
Sit by a fire-side.

If we had room, we might make many more choice extracts. As it is, we will close our remarks by recommending the volume to the perusal of every one who has an ear for the numbers of genuine poetry, and we venture to assert that no one, be he old or young, grave or gay, will look

through its pages without finding something to delight his fancy. Our best wishes are for the success of this truly beautiful publication.

INSUBORDINATION, A TALE OF BALTIMORE, BY T. S. ARTHUR: *Knight and Colburn*. This is a story which makes its appearance in semi-monthly numbers. We have received the third number, and so far, the interest of the tale is well kept up. In portraying the character of the high minded daughters of the wealthy shoemaker, the author displays considerable knowledge of human nature; and the minute and elaborate detail of the bedbug scene in the first number, demonstrates that he is no stranger to the *modus operandi* of those annoying little vermin. Ike and Tom and Bill, however, sometimes turn philosophers, and illustrate their arguments by flowery *similes*, in good language, which are rather inconsistent with the cant that we are led to believe pertains to geniuses of the welt and wax-end. With this exception, we are very much pleased with the work, and, more than all, we are pleased with the home stamp it bears. Some of our other writers would do well to follow Mr. Arthur's example, in having their works *printed and published at home*—it shows a disposition to encourage the enterprise of one's own city.

THE LITERARY AMARANTH, OR PROSE AND POETRY, BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M. *Philadelphia: Kay and Brother. Baltimore: Cushing and Brother*. An exceeding pretty annual which reflect much credit upon the talent of our distinguished townsman, the author. By the presentation plate, we see that it is designed for a Christmas or New Year's gift. It is embellished with several very fine and beautiful engravings, among which is a likeness of the author. The stories, which were originally written for various periodicals of this country, are good. For the poetry, a short extract will answer.

"TO THE NYCTANTHES.

The Nyctanthes, is called the Sorrowful Tree Drooping during the day, but blossoming and emitting a delightful odor at night.

LIGHT has faded from the bowers,
Where the star-like petals gem,
During daylight's golden hours,
Flora's purple diadem;
And nodding are the flowers
Each upon its bended stem.

When their full blown pride was flushing,
In the beamy smilings, won
By their beauty and their blushing.
From the gay enamored sun,

On the air thy heart was gushing,
Sad and melancholy one!

Now when silken bells are sleeping,
Shut and folded from the sight;
Wet with dew-drops that are weeping
From the eye-lids of the night,
Thou thy vigils lone art keeping
With the lamps of starry light.

And as hope from death doth borrow
Light, when passing from the world,
So thy cheek, pale child of sorrow,
To the breezes has uncurled,
Brightened charms that by to-morrow
Will be withered, spent and furled.

Like the branches of a willow,
That are bending o'er the dead,
Shadows hover round thy pillow,
Where the starry radiance, shed
Like the frost foam of the billow,
Gleams upon thy dying head.

From the gleam of fortune's dower,
From the pageantry of pride,
From the blaze of wordly power—
Fame and glory would I hide;
And like thee, pure, modest flower,
Down life's gentle current glide.

When life's setting sun is shining,
And the shadows of the tomb
On my heart are fast declining,
May the spirit's flowers bloom,
Earth and life, like thee resigning
With a smile and sweet perfume.

GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS.—The manuscript of a grammar for beginners, by Solon Beale, teacher, of this city, was placed in our hands for examination, and, not being skilled in the art of teaching ourselves, we delivered the same to a practical teacher, who has favored us with the following notice:

"Having examined the manuscript of the Grammar for youth, arranged according to Murray and others, by Solon Beale, I am of opinion that it is admirably adapted to the purpose, the language being such as a child may readily understand. The author should have it printed immediately, and placed into the hands of such as are engaged in instructing beginners in the first rudiments of language. The labor that will be saved by it, will, no doubt, be considerable."

POPULAR LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, with illustrative engravings, translated from the German of K. C. Von Leonard, by the Rev. J. G. MORRIS, A. M., Edited by Professor F. HALL, M. D. This is another periodical work of which the press generally have been pretty liberal in their commendations. It is certainly a very useful work, and the manner in which it treats of Geo-

logy is very comprehensive and satisfactory. It is very ably translated, and we very heartily recommend it to every lover of entertaining knowledge. The following extract of a note by its editor, we think will not be uninteresting to our readers:

"The dwellers in this mountain valley (Chamouni valley—3174 feet above the Mediterranean sea) have not yet entirely abandoned mineral hunting. The traveller at Chamouni, who would take a walk on the far-famed *mer de Glace*, or sea of ice, must first perform the toilsome task of ascending to the summit of Montanvert, an Alp, which raises its head nearly 1000 feet above the valley. When this fatiguing labor is about half executed, he will be delighted to find himself at a fountain of delicious water—called *la baillet*—from which a more enchanting prospect of the world below will be presented to his eyes, than the liveliest fancy can picture—the meanderings of the Arve will look like a bent thread, lying on the plain, the village and scattered habitations, like card-houses, and the fields, and meadows, like the squares of a chess board, or beds in a flower garden, decorated with innumerable shades of green; and beyond, mountains rise on mountains, till their rocky tops become lost amid dark clouds, or are veiled with everlasting snow. At this fountain, he will be sure to meet a company of boys, urging him to buy of them transparent rock crystals, having double pyramids, and many other mineral products of the mountains.

Near the apex of Montanvert, stands a wood shanty called *Hopital de Blais*, built by an Englishman of that name. Here is a small collection of specimens, found in the vicinity, kept for sale. At this shanty, we purchased, in 1836, a large crystal of smoky quartz. We cannot help adding—though out of place—that the traveller standing on this lofty pinnacle, and looking towards the rising sun, sees, spread out before him—but two or three hundred feet below—the "*Mer de Glace*"—eight leagues long and one league broad—with a surface more uneven than that of the stormiest ocean—being thick set with hillocks of snow and ice, from fifteen to forty feet in height. The mass of ice—occupying an elevated valley—of unmeasured thickness, the accumulation of centuries, is filled with rents and chasms, many of them long and irregular, two or three feet wide at the top, narrowing as they descend, and reaching downward to distances unknown. It becomes the walker on this "sea of wonders," to take heed to his steps. The long spiked staff, with which he is furnished at the village of Chamouni, is indispensable. The foot must have, at every move, a firm hold. A false, or uncertain step hazards life. Once in the awful sea-green, yawning fissure, and you are in your icy grave; lost irrecoverably. On the eastern side of the *Mer de Glace*, "*Alps behind Alps*" rise, towering higher and higher, the farther off they are, till, at last, the terrific giant Mont Blanc, with his hoary summit, mantled in the clothing of the skies, looking down, monarch-like, disdainfully on all his inferiors, is presented before you in full view."

Postmasters generally, are requested to act as Agents for this work.


on foot when the ground was white with snow
— my candle, when we were in the dark
— my father's face, as he lay down
and lies by his side
— my mother's face, when she was sweet and kind
— my father's face, when he was in heaven
— my mother's face, when she was in heaven
— my father's face, when he was in heaven

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that the communication by J. E. S. came to hand too late for our first number. It was ably written, and we should have been pleased to insert it.

"Winter Scenes" will appear in our February number.

We have also been obliged to omit "The Frigate's Steerage."

 Postmasters throughout the Union are authorized to act as Agents for this work, (except in cases where we have regularly appointed agents,) and are respectfully requested to use their endeavors in obtaining subscribers and remitting the subscription money to us.

Any one obtaining five responsible subscribers, or remitting us \$10, will be entitled to a sixth copy of the work *gratis*.

FROM THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office Department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—"A Postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a Periodical to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.

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P. SCHROETER.

*The first that I saw was the fine
my bed she was very large
till you returned her shoes from
your room she went to the
in the church and she was very
and when the day was over
the first that I saw was the fine
my bed she was very large
till you returned her shoes from
your room she went to the
in the church and she was very
and when the day was over
the first that I saw was the fine
my bed she was very large
till you returned her shoes from
your room she went to the
in the church and she was very
and when the day was over*

MONTHLY BUDGET, January, 1841.

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EMBELLISHMENT.

A View of the Entrance Gateway to Green Mount Cemetery, lithographed by Ed. Weber, Baltimore

ALL LETTERS ADDRESSED, POST PAID, TO

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Papers wishing to exchange will please notice the above.

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